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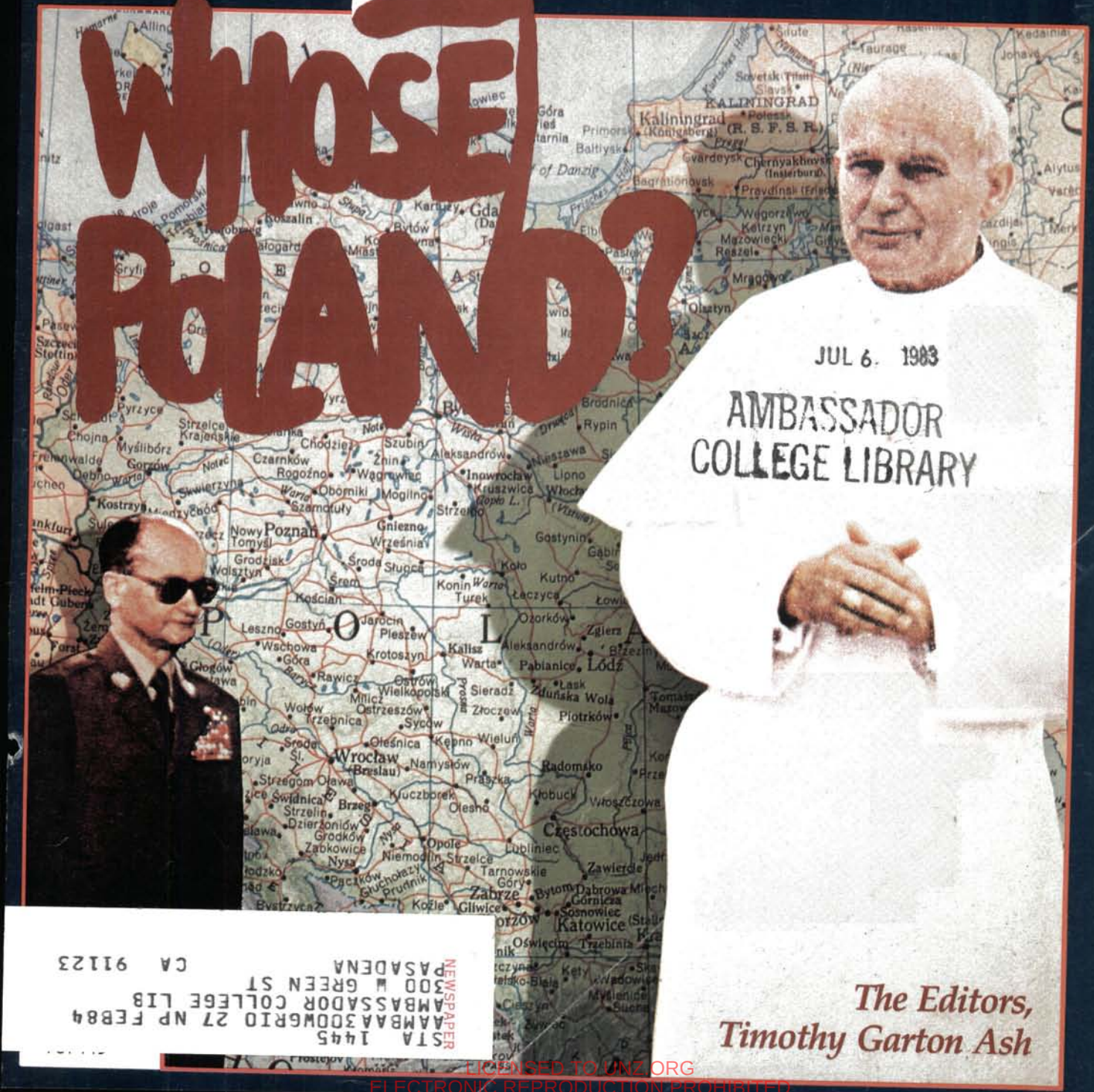

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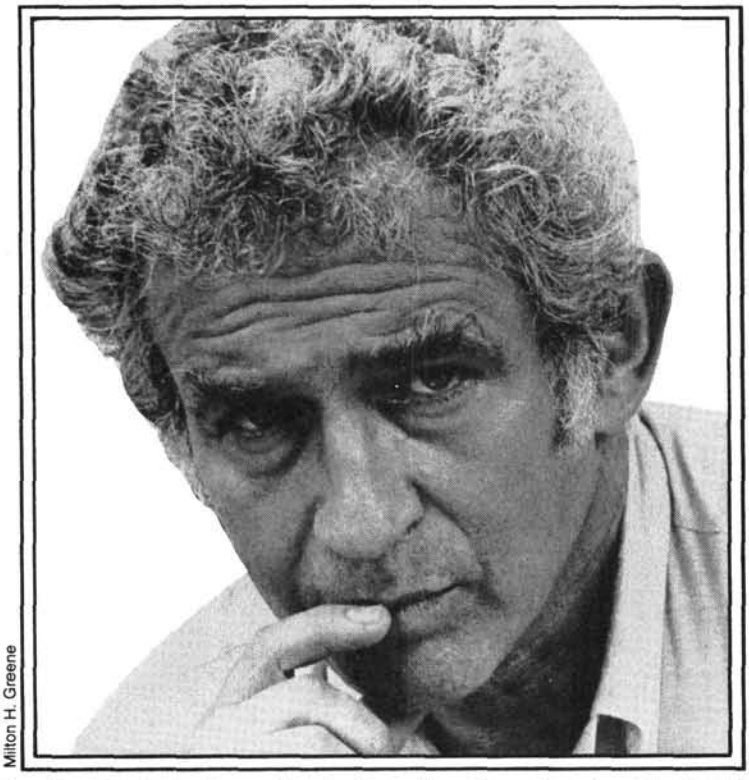

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CORRESPONDENCE

FAGIN'S TWIST

To the editors:

Irving Howe's lively essay on *Oliver Twist* ("The Spell of Fagin," TNR, June 20) confronts with refreshing forthrightness Dickens's whole cloth adoption of prevailing myths about the Jew in the fashioning of Fagin. Howe aptly points out Dickens's insouciance about individualizing his malefactor, who hardly needs a name other than "the Jew." A letter sent to quiet a reader's objections reveals the extent to which the novelist embraced formulaic attitudes, innocently perhaps, but nonetheless unquestioningly. Dickens assured his correspondent that although it would be improper for him to write about a Frenchman or a Spaniard as "the Roman Catholic," Fagin "is called 'the Jew' not because of his religion, but because of his race."

Though Fagin certainly qualifies as an outstanding member of the fraternity of Jew villains which Western civilization must accept the responsibility for having nourished, there *is* something more we can—and should—realize about what Howe calls "the historical realities of our culture." We need to recognize that in the last few decades, throughout Western societies, important new images of the Jew have begun to upstage the traditional odious types. Some are deliberately revised mythic figures: Arnold Wesker's scholarly, benevolent Shylock, Arthur Miller's wise and funny Wandering Jew, Marcel Pagnol's thoroughly human Judas. Still others are newly minted personae, Jews whose experience as outsiders, oppressed workers, settlers in a new land, exponents of human rights, or victims of Nazism have earned them not only respected images as Jews, but, far more significantly, universal relevance as human beings. Small wonder that in such a climate, in Lionel Bart's "Oliver," even Fagin flirted seriously with the notion of going straight!

ELLEN SCHIFF
Adams, Massachusetts

To the editors:

For all the care Irving Howe takes to qualify his remarks about Dickens's supposed indebtedness to Isaac Solomons, research by J. J. Tobias and others reveals no positive evidence to support the connection between Fagin and "the Prince of Fences." No physical or biographical resemblance between the two exists; John Forster, Dickens's intimate friend and biographer, made no reference to Solomons when he discussed the originals of several of Dickens's characters; and Dickens himself ignored the case of Solomons when he defended the novel against Mrs. Davis's charge of anti-Semitism.

A review of the literature and journalism of the period reveals ample evidence that Jewish fences flourished in London. Furthermore, the novel's illustrator, George Cruikshank, took credit for drawing Dickens's attention to one such dealer in stolen property in Field Lane, Holborn.

Historical verisimilitude, of course, does not absolve Dickens of the anti-Semitism implicit in his reductive and repetitive use of the epithet "the Jew" throughout the novel to refer to Fagin. I share Mr. Howe's conclusion, however, that Dickens willed Jews no harm. By eliminating the majority of the references to Fagin as "the Jew" when he revised the text in 1867 after Mrs. Davis's protest, he demonstrated a willingness to make amends to those against whom unwittingly he had encouraged "a vile prejudice."

DAVID PAROISSIEN
Northampton, Massachusetts

To the editors:

It was neither Rebekah nor Rachel who begat Jacob (Correction, TNR, June 27). Isaac begat; Rebekah conceived (Genesis 25:16). Thus it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

PETER DAVISON
Boston, Massachusetts

REAGAN'S HOUSE ANARCHIST

To the editors:

Bob Kuttner rightly points out ("Going Private," TNR, May 30) that "the importance of mediating institutions and the need to design government programs that reinforce them is a theme attractive to civic theorists on both ends of the spectrum." As the "Reagan Administration's former house anarchist," I would like to offer an important warning about this idea.

It is true that civic theorists of conservative and libertarian persuasion have long celebrated the importance of human-scale, mediating institutions. We have lamented the onrush of centralized government that has so often undermined and destroyed them. We have urged repeal or amelioration of government's most glaring crimes against family, parish, lodge, and neighborhood.

But it is something of a jump to advocate the designing of governmental social programs to "reinforce" mediating institutions. The danger is obvious. Governments usually "reinforce" through the application of money or compulsion or both. Taking government money and accepting government dictates necessarily compromises the independence of mediating institutions. The well-meaning effort to "reinforce" or "strengthen" such institutions can easily turn them into appendages of the state, like the official labor unions in Poland and the local cooperatives throughout the Eastern bloc.

A free and just society would indeed have a vast and overlapping array of private mediating institutions. Wise statesmen should recognize this. They should work to create a positive climate, and to remove governmentally erected barriers to the flourishing of diverse human-scale organizations. But when statesmen begin to look hungrily upon family and parish, lodge and neighborhood, as instruments for the effectuation of the state's higher purposes, liberty is in danger.

On that proposition, Proudhon and John Adams would doubtless concur.

JOHN MCCLAUGHRY
Kirby, Vermont

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

To the editors:

Having received an honorary degree myself from Grinnell (Iowa) and visited a number of other small, excellent colleges to lecture, I can testify to the general accuracy of the *Cedar Rapids Diarist* (TNR, June 13). It was a fine and well-deserved tribute to the most underrated category of institutions of higher education. I hope that you'll continue to use your position of influence to help keep the Coes and Grinnells healthy and appreciated.

EDWARD O. WILSON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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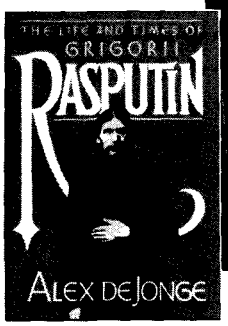

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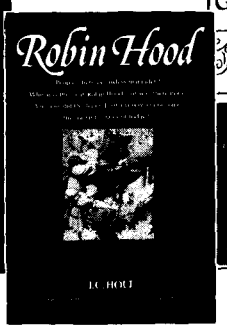

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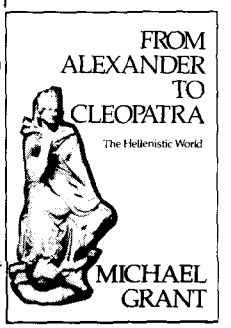

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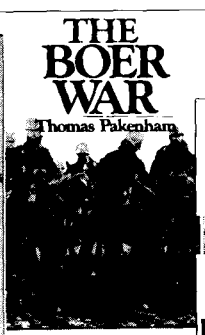

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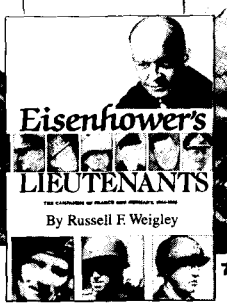

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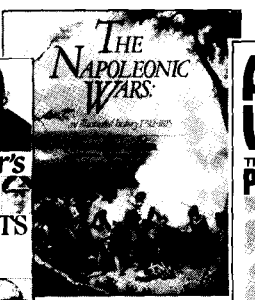

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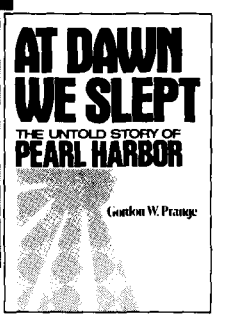

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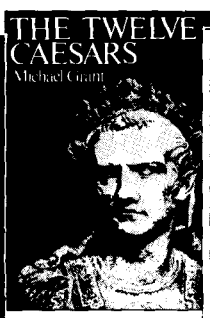

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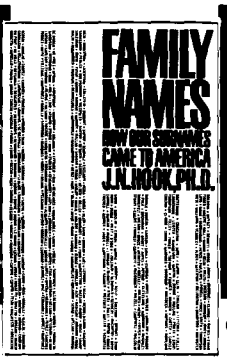

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FROM WASHINGTON

MIDSEASON

Summer came suddenly to Washington this year, with tropical rains and oppressive heat inflicting an August-like languor on the city earlier than usual. Government and politics do not prosper in this climate, and every year, as the doldrums settle in, the city reaches out for baseball. Yet for the twelfth season since the Washington Senators took their carpetbags to a shopping mall in Texas, R.F.K. Stadium stands empty on summer nights, the largest, loneliest ghost on East Capitol Street.

The pilgrimage must be made to Baltimore, if it is made at all. Whenever the Orioles play, hundreds—sometimes thousands—of Washingtonians endure maddening traffic jams on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway and in Baltimore's narrow streets. Just to see baseball. How much easier it would be simply to go to R.F.K.—especially with the new subway system running right to the gate. How pleasant it would be to cheer and boo and drink beer and, for a few hours, to forget the cares of Congress, the courts, the endless campaign. Last year more than thirty thousand people defied a rainstorm and went to R.F.K. for Washington's only baseball of the year, a five-inning "old timers" game. Would thirty thousand come to a reenactment of Richard Nixon's inauguration? Probably not, but in Washington, politics remains the only game in town. So we can only fantasize. . . .

The Pennsylvania Avenue Pachyderms are leading the league, but their cross-town rivals, the third incarnation of the Senators, are taking them on this weekend in a three-game series. The Packies are led by Dutch Reagan, their venerable right-hander. Reagan used to throw nothing but fastballs, but he has resorted to the junk ball in his old age; his fluttering knuckleball is even better than Gerald "Whitey" Ford's. Batters insist that ol' Dutch has lost his stuff, but they never seem to get a solid hit off him. Reagan is backed up in the bullpen by Poppy Bush, who is ambidextrous. The Packies' veteran fireman, Al Haig, was released by the Packies last season. The word from the front office was that he had lost his control.

The Packies are an offensive-minded team. The most offensive is Jimmy "Killo" Watt, the rangy right fielder. While his teammates take batting practice, he can be found in the grandstand, stalking and strangling unsuspecting pigeons. Another offensive weapon is Bill "Broker" Casey, a distinct base-stealing threat. Cap Weinberger, in center, has lots of power, but he has performed erratically this year. He is leading the league in strikeouts.

The keystone combination, Davey Stockman and Dicky Darman, came over to the Packies in that big trade with the Grand Rapids Wolverines a few years ago, along with first baseman Jim "Home Run" Baker. The critics say the Packies talk a better game than they play, but their sparkling defensive play behind Reagan has helped hold the team together.

For all their talent, the Packies—like the Yankees—are riddled with dissension. The catcher, Iron Mike Deaver, feels he is underpaid and is trying to renegotiate his contract. Ed "Big Red" Meese, the team's first baseman before Baker joined the squad, has been seething over his role on the bench and he is said to be the leader of a whispering campaign in the clubhouse.

The Packies have other weaknesses. Georgie Shultz, their easygoing utility man, has been shelved all season with a mysterious ailment. His place in the lineup has been taken by Bill "Judge" Clark, a laconic player whose only experience is as an umpire in the minor leagues. Clark has been picked off base several times, and on defense his clumsy play has been compared to Marv Throneberry's. But ol' Dutch is said to like Clark's brand of infield chatter, and he is unlikely to be replaced.

The Pachyderms' opponents in the upcoming series, the Senators, have not shown much punch this year. They are a bunch of banjo hitters who have been missing the longball since Ted "Ice

continued on page 39

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POPE AND EMPEROR

> Blessed Peter, chief of the apostles, incline thine holy ears to us, I pray, and hear me, thy servant, whom from infancy thou hast nourished and till this day hast delivered from the hand of the wicked, who have hated and do hate me for my faithfulness to thee. . . . Especially to me by thy grace has been given by God the power of binding and loosing in heaven and earth. Relying, then, on this belief, for the honor and defense of thy church and in the name of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I withdraw the government of the whole Kingdom of the Poles from Jaruzelski the Prime Minister. . . . [A]nd I absolve all Christians from the bond of the oath they have made to him or shall make. And I forbid anyone to serve him. . . .

This, of course, is not what Pope John Paul II said to General Wojciech Jaruzelski. It is the text (with only the name changed) of Pope Gregory VII's deposition of the Emperor Henry IV. Almost a millennium later, however, the drama was the same. As the priest, in robes bedecked with a golden pectoral cross, stood opposite the soldier, in uniform bedecked with medals, microphones and a moral gulf between them, it was clear that a great modern struggle had been transformed by a great medieval event.

A Pope and an Emperor locked in combat over the legitimacy of a labor union—this was more history than most history is. It rather ruffles the common definition of our time. We are accustomed to explaining ourselves as new, as the children of the revolutions, as the members of a self-starting, self-orphaning thing called modernity. Sometime in the eighteenth century "the individual" was born, sometime in the nineteenth century God "died," and so on; the clichés and the compliments about the recent past are well known. Last week's events in Poland had the consequence of complicating them. The centuries since 1789 seemed suddenly restored to the centuries before it. The political system that most insistently incarnates some of the fundamental principles of modernity was rudely rebuked by the expression of the horror of an unmodern heart. The godless was faced down by the godful, and this time the failures that mobilized the mobs were the former's. Whatever doubt remains that the secularization of Western society is incomplete should promptly be put to rest. It appears, to the contrary, that there is no greater spur to the spiritual than the crimes committed in the name of the secular.

The extraordinary confrontation was clarified with the Pope's every move. Perhaps the most unforgettable event was the convocation at Czestochowa, where the Pope said mass for more than a million people at the Shrine of the Black Madonna at the monastery of Jasna Gora. What took place at Czestochowa was, to be precise, a contest between communism and Marianism. Marianism won. It is the cult of the Virgin Mary, who is believed to have interceded for the deliverance of Poland many times in Polish history. The earliest known composition in the Polish language is a hymn to the Mother of God that was sung in battle. In 1655 the successful repulsion of the Swedish invasion of Poland was imputed to Mary's intervention. In 1711 Mary was implored to stop the bubonic plague, which stopped. And six years later there took place a pilgrimage to Jasna Gora that truly belongs to the story of the present Polish predicament—a ceremonial coronation of the Mother of God as "Queen of Poland" (the great king Jan Kasimierz had already consecrated his throne to her) which was conducted as a sign of the Roman Catholic Church's refusal to relinquish the Polish population to Russian interests. It was not the last time, moreover, that Jasna Gora was a center of resistance to Russia. In 1958 Wladyslaw Gomulka accused the monastery of anti-

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Communist activity, and his goons raided it and arrested its prior. And now John Paul's homily in Czestochowa, in which he blessed the sixteen months when "the Polish worker stood up for himself. . . . [and] touched hearts and consciences," has made an ancient religious shrine into a modern political one. The gilded tempera icon and the red and white Solidarity script appeared as allies in a war of ideas that their common enemy, tanks and troops notwithstanding, is losing.

Obviously the consequences of the Pope's visit—it is really a visitation—will be many. The first of these has to do with the political activity of the Polish Church itself. It will be radicalized; or, to put it differently, the accommodationist adventures of Cardinal Glemp are probably over. The "realism" of his change of attitude toward the regime last fall, the rhetoric that disappointed Solidarity and delighted its smashers, has been deeply embarrassed by John Paul II's outspokenness. The Pope has raised the pitch of the public debate in Poland, and cast the Catholic Church in the role of the teller of the truth, which it is never easy to be in the presence of police.

More generally, the Pope's presence in Poland has illuminated the larger historical position of the Church in his country. The entanglement of the ecclesiastical establishment with Polish nationalism is well known. Less well known, perhaps, is its entanglement with liberalism. In 1968 Adam Michnik, then a leader of the student demonstrations and now the imprisoned leader of KOR, the organization of dissident intellectuals, wrote that "for many years now, the Catholic Church has not been on the side of the powers that be, but stood out in defense of the oppressed. The authentic enemy of the left is not the Church, but totalitarian power, and in this battle the Church plays a role that it is impossible to overestimate." The confrontation between the Catholic authorities and the Communist authorities in Poland during the 1940s and 1950s was constant, though it was punctuated by periods of peace; and this had the effect of creating an alliance between the Church and the dissidents in the 1960s and 1970s. It was no accident, as the Marxists like to say, that one of the first deeds of the striking workers of Gdansk in the summer of 1980 was to arrange for the availability of the sacraments at the shipyard gate. And at its first national congress on October 1981, Solidarity adopted a resolution that succinctly explained the historical origins of the union's sentiments about the Church:

> Mindful of the fact that Christianity introduced us to our wider homeland, Europe; that Christianity has crucially determined the shape and substance of Polish national culture for over 1,000 years; that in the most tragic times our nation has found support in the Catholic Church; that our ethics have been determined primarily by Christianity; and, finally, that Catholicism is the living faith of most Poles, we take the view that the process of national education must make honest and suitably extensive provision for the role and place of Christianity and the Church in the history of Poland and of the world. At the same time, we declare ourselves in favor of the state's neutrality toward world views in all domains, above all in that of national education and culture. We view this neutrality as guaranteeing the tolerance in which our forefathers took pride.

The working relationship of the unionists and the priests obviously had the support of the people; there were many ways in which Solidarity did not repeat the romantic stereotype of revolution, and among them was the total absence of the anticlerical anger that is supposed to characterize working-class convulsions. But the clerics did not repeat their stereotype either. The "neutrality toward world views" that Solidarity demanded of the government was very much like the "pluralism" that prominent Catholic intellectuals had been demanding for decades. Many of the heresiarchs of the Polish Church have been humanists, the former Cardinal Wojtyla of Kraków included. Their greatest intellectual debt has been to French Catholicism, to the social and spiritual style of Emmanuel Mounier and Jacques Maritain. (In the matter of the Jews, however, the Polish Church never learned its lessons well; it dismissed the Gomulka government's anti-Semitic persecutions, for example, as a "quarrel among Communists.") Naturally many of these appeals to pluralism were censored by the regime. There is no room for the sharing of a power in such a political system. In a one-party state, if you surrender a little authority, you surrender all of it.

THE CONSEQUENCE of the Pope's visit for the outlawed union will be, quite simply, its remoralization. By returning millions of Poles to the streets, the Pope has shattered the impression that Polish society has gone sullen, and let slip its desire for reform. Indeed, the Pope's masses may be described as the most successful series of demonstrations in the history of Solidarity. Its banners were carried in processions that were not purely religious or purely political, but a momentous mixture of both. It was impossible to say where religion stopped and politics started. Solidarity suddenly assumed a sacramental character. The Polish population proved that its sense of purpose has not sickened, that it continues to identify the trade union with its dearest dreams, that the thugs in riot helmets are powerless before the theology of social justice. The meeting of the Pope with Lech Walesa was a conclusive symbol of the moral and political energy that the priests and the parishioners of Poland share. Again, you could not tell politics and religion apart. It was Walesa's audience with Poland's first Pope, and it was Wojtyla's audience with Poland's first labor leader.

The consequence of the Pope's visit for the Jaruzelski regime will be, it seems certain to say, catastrophic. Naturally the Soviet satraps will do what they can to reverse the release of protest, and somebody will be called to account for the bright idea of letting the Pope across the border; but there is not much that can be done. When John Paul left Poland he took the government's legitimacy with him. A devout Catholic had exposed a devout cynic. The cynicism, and nothing else, comprises the Jaruzelski regime. It does not command the allegiance of anybody. It does not

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terrorize its population; it offends it. It is morally and historically and philosophically dead; it lives only bureaucratically, and by the pains of the police, sixty-five imperial officials have always lived. It is, as Michael Walzer has shrewdly said, a "failed totalitarianism"—an old-fashioned oligarchy that does not deserve to be flattered by the mention of messianic faith. When the Vicar of Christ stood before the seneschal of the household of Marx, the fading of faith in the household of Marx was plain for all the world to see. The seneschal shook.

The phenomenon of the Pope in Poland was a message to Moscow, where the key to the Polish situation is to be found. The message consisted of a reminder to the Kremlin that the case of Poland is not like the case of Czechoslovakia. It was the structure of a society, and not the structure of a party, that was made over in Poland. For that reason a purge will profit the Russians little; the threat to their domination does not come from the leadership. Indeed, as the Pope's crowds showed, it is not the dictatorship of the proletariat that moves these masses, but the opposition to the dictatorship of the proletariat. For that reason, too, the result of a Soviet invasion of Poland would be a slaughter, followed by one of the most powerful movements of resistance in history. John Paul's mass at Kraków, which over two million people attended, included a beatification ceremony that was politically rather pointed; two Polish monks who fought in the anti-Russian revolt of 1863 were brought a step closer to sainthood, to the accompaniment of a papal homily on "the arrogant use of power." Mr. Andropov, then, or whoever is calling the Soviet shots, has been warned again about the emotional and institutional realities of Poland. The hatred of Soviet hegemony runs deep, and it has the protection of the most prestigious public body in the country.

John Paul II's pilgrimage through Poland is the stuff of which a nation's memory is made. It is also the stuff of which change is made. Of course it would be foolish to exaggerate the immediate effects of this stirring spectacle. A refinement of the repression will surely follow, though it may be called "normalization." Solidarity has survived, but it will be subterranean again. Unlike Henry IV, Jaruzelski has not gone to Canossa; nor is penitence often a part of an Emperor's feelings. Still, the *grandeur et misère* of last week showed that change in Poland has already been made. What remains is for it to be honored.

Meanwhile, the official government spokesman tells reporters that "Solidarity as an organization does not exist," which is true, except that Solidarity exists as a population. The deputy prime minister announces that the Pope is "introducing young Poles into a world of myths, legends, and half-truths." The regime asks for economic assistance from the West and then resigns from the International Labor Organization—a rather redundant action on the part of the world's most famous union busters. And the foreign minister accuses "the Western countries and the media" of misrepresenting the Pope's visit to Poland as "an anti-Socialist demonstration." It makes you want to spit.

THIS JUST IN

You can learn a great deal from newspapers, said Baudelaire, if you read them with the proper contempt. We offer, as proof of this proposition, *The New York Times* of June 22, 1983.

—page A1: Kenneth L. Adelman, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, sends a letter to Senator Charles Percy to the effect that the Administration will deploy the MX "unless the Soviets are prepared to reverse this buildup and forgo their heavy and medium ICBMs." Senator Sam Nunn comments that this "establishes that the MX is indeed a bargaining chip."

—page A3: In a dramatic move to heal the strained society of Chile, the government of General Augusto Pinochet announces the repatriation of 128 political exiles, among them Mr. Andres Zaldivar Larrain of the World Union of Christian Democrats and Mrs. Isabel Letelier of the Institute for Policy Studies. It then arrests the head of the truck owners union for calling a strike. A "Western diplomat" calls this "muddle-through tactics."

—page A7: The Al Fatah dissidents, led by Colonel Saed Musa, overrun eight pro-Arafat positions in Lebanon, and the explanation given is that "the rebels oppose Arafat's emphasis on diplomatic action."

—page A9: Prime Minister Felipe González meets with President Ronald Reagan to talk at length about American policy south of the border. Mr. González leaves the White House saying that "there was, I think, no fundamental disagreement about Central America."

—page A21: The National Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. warn black voters about the probable self-destructive consequences of supporting the protest candidacy of the Reverend Jesse Jackson for the Presidency. The Reverend Jackson insists, however, "that he would run to win the Presidency."

What is wrong with all this is the following. If American willingness to renounce the MX requires the Russians to transform the entire structure of their strategic forces, then the MX is not a bargaining chip. Arresting the head of a union is not a gesture of social reconciliation, nor is it a means of muddling through; it is good old-fashioned thuggery. Yasir Arafat has placed no emphasis on diplomatic action, as his holiday in Jordan showed. Felipe González is probably the most influential critic in the world of America's policy in Central America. And Jesse Jackson will win the Presidency of the United States about as quickly as he will win the Presidency of the B'nai Brith.

We do not mean to blame *The Times*. Quite the reverse. We congratulate it on the verisimilitude of its reporting. It has captured the political world in all its mendacity. The friends of the truth may be forgiven if sometimes they want nothing more than to till their own gardens.

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

DEBATEGATE

IT seems virtually certain that a crime was committed when Carter campaign briefing documents were transferred to the Reagan campaign prior to the 1980 Presidential debate. What's not at all certain is whether the crime constitutes grand theft or petit larceny. Just how seriously "Debategate" should be taken depends on answers not yet available. Did these documents include vital strategy memos as well as routine position papers? Were they sent to the Reaganites unsolicited, or were they procured? Was the transfer part of some continuing espionage operation? What use did the Reagan campaign actually make of the documents? Were they important to the outcome of the debate and the election? On most of these points, there is massive disagreement between Carterite suspicions and Reaganite claims. There is also considerable disagreement on details among some Reaganites, not to mention a crippling case of memory failure among some of the President's sharpest aides.

Debategate cries out for official investigation by authorities who can issue subpoenas, put witnesses under oath, and focus people's recollections with the threat of perjury indictments. Such an inquiry may be conducted by a House subcommittee headed by Representative Don Albosta of Michigan, but one would guess that the Reagan Administration would want the Justice Department to investigate (not just "monitor") the case, too, with a view toward appointing a special prosecutor (or "independent counsel," as it's now more neutrally called). In 1974 President Ford took the dramatic step of volunteering to testify before a House subcommittee to deny allegations that his pardon of Richard Nixon was part of a "deal." In 1979 the Carter Administration appointed a special prosecutor to investigate charges (later shown to be unfounded) that White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan had used cocaine. If Reagan's aides are as innocent as they claim to be, they would offer to—in fact, insist upon—pursuing similar procedures, wouldn't they?

President Reagan, campaign aides, and Administration officials involved in the affair—not to mention some Democrats, including House Speaker Tip O'Neill—all downplay the importance that the documents could have had on the outcome of the debate and the election. It's a fair surmise, given the size of Reagan's electoral vote victory, that Reagan indeed would have won the election even if those who prepared him for the debate had not had access to Carter briefing papers. Also, Reagan is a skilled enough stage performer that he probably would have come off well in the debate.

But that has little bearing on the possible actions or motivations of those who transferred, received, and used the documents. At the time of the debate, public polls showed the Presidential race tightening nationally and in key states. Most commentators called the race too close to call. Reagan's pollster, Richard Wirthlin, was showing his candidate in better shape than the public polls did—Reagan ahead 43 to 37—but even he reported that 11 percent of the electorate was still undecided. Fearing that an "October surprise" (such as a hostage release in Iran) would dramatically help Carter, it was the Reagan campaign which decided to debate. Wirthlin told Elizabeth Drew that "given the political environment, the election is going to hang or fall on that debate."

So the stakes were high and the temptation was great to do anything possible to ensure a victory. As columnist Mark Shields has pointed out, there was a special motivation for success on the part of those in charge of Reagan debate strategy and preparation. James A. Baker III, David Gergen, and David Stockman were all Reagan outsiders—former associates of George Bush, Gerald Ford, and John Anderson—for whom this was an opportunity to shine. They did their work well and they were well rewarded: Baker is now White House chief of staff, Gergen is communications director, and Stockman is chief of the Office of Management and Budget.

The Carter briefing materials alone did not make Reagan a success in the debate. Reagan's closing argument (written by Gergen) asking voters, "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" was a powerful way to frame the election decision. Yet it seems clear that the briefing documents did provide Reagan with precise advance warning of what lines of attack Carter was likely to take, rendering him more confident and at ease. The Carterites were praying that Reagan, under pressure, would make a major gaffe, but of course he didn't. To the contrary, he had a retort for every Carter thrust. All polls indicate that voters saw Reagan as the debate winner, and the victory presumably made millions of voters secure about voting for Reagan. No one can ever prove that the Carter briefing documents actually altered the course of history, but a thorough investigation could establish how much they were relied on by the debate team.

Officials of the Carter Administration who are responsible for pushing Debategate into national prominence, notably former Press Secretary Jody Powell and pollster *cum* strategist Patrick Caddell, are convinced that whether or not purloined papers cost the election, nevertheless purloining papers from the White House constitutes a crime. Who did it? Carter aides have suggested to reporters the names of two White House secretaries they suspect might have been the culprits, along with elaborate theories about their motives and methods. Reporters have contacted the women, who denied involvement, and fortunately no one has printed or broadcast their names. But there is ample reason for the women to be interviewed by the F.B.I. and congressional investigators. And White House aides should be interrogated under oath as well. Someone did, after all, take documents from the White House on an unauthorized basis. Someone in the Reagan Administration received the stolen goods, and others have known for some time about the event and kept it secret.

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The more things change . . .

. . . the more the basic philosophy of The New Republic stays the same. Written more than 60 years ago, the question and answer dialogue that follows is as true today as it was then. Which is why our readers stay with us week in and week out, year after year.

1. *What is The New Republic?*
It is a journal of critical comment on current affairs.

2. *What does it look like?*
It is an all-type magazine, without fiction or illustrations, printed in large clear type (about 32 pages), with articles and editorials short and to the point.[1]

3. *Who writes The New Republic?*
The editorials, which come first, are written by the staff. The general articles that follow, by anyone who thinks what he has to say will suit The New Republic, and whose opinion on this point proves to be correct.

4. *What is The New Republic driving at?*
It is trying to give pain by making its readers think for themselves. It would succeed in giving more pain if thinking for themselves were not already a habit with most of its readers.

5. *To what end?*
To the end that America may become in fact what America stands for in ideal—to the end, that is, of bringing democracy nearer. In an ideal democracy everybody will do his or her own thinking.

6. *It believes in Democracy then?*
Yes, with a small d. It believes that the democratic principle, the principle of cooperative self-government, is a good principle to extend to every field and phase of human activity—to government itself, as well as to industry.

7. *Does one have to agree with it to enjoy it?*
That depends. People who read to be agreed with, to have their fur stroked, their prejudices or convictions confirmed, don't like The New Republic.

8. *Who are its editors and contributors?*
There are six editors: Herbert Croly, Francis Hackett, Alvin Johnson, Walter Lippmann, Philip Littell and Charles Merz. The contributors are too numerous to mention here. Among them are, John Dewey, H. G. Wells, Norman Hapgood, Morris R. Cohen, Harold Laski, Sidney Webb, Robert Bruère, William Hard, H. N. Brailsford, etc.[2]

9. *How does it differ from its contemporaries?*
Chiefly in method. It tries to convince its readers' minds. It tries to avoid appeals to their prejudices. It examines their preconceptions and its own. It believes everybody should earn his opinions.

10. *How does this method work in practice?*
Minds that don't like being disturbed stop reading The New Republic. Minds with an edge accept its challenge, cross swords, and take out of the conflict not the opinions they went in with, often not The New Republic's opinions, but something which is at least solidly made, finely tempered, and—their own.[3]

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A weekly journal of opinion since 1914

[1]Today we're at least 48 pages every issue, and our cover illustrations (and Vint Lawrence's inside drawings) are widely known for their hard-hitting trenchancy.
[2]Still too numerous to mention, but how about Irving Howe, Theodore Draper, Arthur Schlesinger, Henry Fairlie, Edward Jay Epstein, Alfred Kazin, Anne Tyler, Robert B. Reich, Gail Godwin . . . etc.?
[3]No change here—which may be the best reason of all to read TNR.

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Beyond the question of legality is that of ethics, which President Reagan also repeatedly dodged in his press conference. It's been fairly common practice in campaigns for officials on one side to send student volunteers over to the other to collect publicly available speeches, schedules, and position papers without saying whom they are for. Obtaining internal briefing materials represents a step toward sleaziness, at a minimum. The evidence shows that James Baker, at least, felt guilty about the use of the documents. Laurence I. Barrett, whose book, *Gambling With History*, launched Debategate, records that Baker, "fastidious about propriety . . . looked the other way when [the] dirty trick was perpetrated. He was grateful not to know the mechanics of it," and was "still sensitive" when Barrett questioned him about it months later. One good reason for a thorough probe of Debategate is to ensure that future campaign managers not only will be sensitive and guilty about dirty tricks, but will eschew them. Evidently the ethical inoculations of Watergate have begun to wear off. Debategate could be a booster shot.

As Reagan aides point out, there may have been some ethical lapses in the Carter White House, as well—to wit, the use of government clerks and equipment (in other words, money) to serve campaign purposes. A Debategate fuss might make Presidential staffs more fastidious about proper accounting of political expenses.

Meanwhile, there are significant questions of fact that need to be cleared up by investigation. James Baker said in his letter to Representative Albosta that he remembers receiving a black-bound looseleaf notebook with Carter material inside from William J. Casey, then campaign manager and now C.I.A. director. Casey's letter, brusque and brief, says he recalls nothing of the kind. Stockman recalls getting material in unbound form. At one point, Stockman said the documents were mere position papers, not in question-and-answer format. Frank Hodsoll, another former member of the debate team, remembered that they were in Q and A form. David Gergen at first could remember practically nothing at all about any documents except that they couldn't have been important. Then he unearthed a ream or two of Carter documents, which the White House released, but then Stockman said the material he saw in 1980 might have been more detailed, rather than less. The material released by the White House mostly concerned foreign policy, but Stockman obviously used domestic papers, too. The Carter people, by the way, have repeatedly claimed that they prepared one and only one briefing book for the debate, but obviously that's not entirely true either, in view of the variety of documents that have turned up. There is also a basic difference of opinion about what constitutes a "strategic" document. The Reaganites pretend a 300-page notebook is too detailed to be vital, but they have a President who likes to be briefed briefly; Carter was a detail man.

There is one more reason for a thorough probe: to settle the doubts and unrest affecting the Reagan White House.

Inside the White House, there seems to be both fear and hope that Debategate will not "go away." The fear lies among those close to Casey, Baker, Stockman, and Gergen, who do not know how much trouble the case will—or should—cause to their friends. The hope lies with ideological and bureaucratic rivals of the four principals, who seem to enjoy the prospect of their suffering, even their resignation. For example, White House counselor Edwin Meese joked to reporters aboard Air Force One that "Gergen is not a crook," slashing at the flesh of someone Meese obviously feels did him damage in previous White House struggles. White House aides who don't like Casey leaked to Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post* a devastating account of how the C.I.A. director mumbled his way through a lecture on protecting classified information—and proceeded to reveal some to officials not authorized to receive it. The column also revealed jokes making the rounds in the White House, including one that if Casey had received the Carter book, he would have placed it in a blind trust—a reference to Casey's failure to stop playing the stock market even though he has access to sensitive economic intelligence.

Other White House aides report encountering "dead silence in the corridors" about Debategate, not even mystified whispers. Stockman, Gergen, and Baker are said to have spent considerable time preparing their letters for Albosta, some of it in collaboration with White House counsel Fred Fielding and his deputy, Richard Hauser. None of the three has hired a personal lawyer.

ONE ADMINISTRATION aide who is close to the White House actors and had a key role in the campaign said it's his impression that the presence of the briefing book was purposely kept secret by the debate coordinating team. "It never came up at the 8 a.m. senior staff meeting in the campaign, which tended to last half of every morning. Everything got discussed at those meetings, which says to me not that this was too unimportant to mention, but that people were keeping it secret. Getting a briefing book from the other campaign is not trivial. It was naive and stupid to think that it could be kept secret. Those involved should have understood the danger and sent the book back. How could they not suspect that this was some kind of setup by the Democrats?"

This official thinks that his colleagues' pleas of failed memory "is what a good lawyer suggests as a defense to a guilty client." He recommends that "everyone come clean now, before the press and the Democrats have a field day and it hurts the President." If necessary, he says, they should resign. "All of us are expendable," he said.

Other White House aides say such talk is preposterous because no illegality or unethical behavior has been demonstrated. But this argument requires a resort to high legal technicality and utter belief in the story told by Reagan officials. The argument goes that the document dealt with policy positions, not high strategy, and was worked on by a hundred or more Carter Administration employees, including secretaries. Even reporters could have obtained it under the Freedom of Information Act, according to one high-ranking official, so its transfer would not be a crime

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unless it was procured. Since there is no evidence of that, this official said, there is no cause for the Justice Department to open a full-scale investigation.

Why not demand an investigation to clear matters up? This official said, "That gives credibility to something, which we're reluctant to do, but maybe we'll do because we are forced to do it." But if that is the tack this Administration takes, doing only what it is forced to do, that will be the undoing of its credibility.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Stirrings of democracy in Chile.

WINTER OF DISCONTENT

Santiago

A WAVE of strikes and protests swept through Chile during the latter half of June. That is remarkable enough, but it is only the visible half of a much more profound political revival. What is especially heartening about this revival is that it is based on a genuine commitment to nonviolence and democracy, extending over a broad spectrum from left to right. Much depends on whether the current movement is successful in removing General Augusto Pinochet, whose base of civilian support, once quite broad, has dissipated in reaction to years of rampant human rights violations, erratic personal behavior, and the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. If Pinochet decides to hold onto power at all costs, the present hopeful moment could quickly become a nightmare of blood and iron. But if Pinochet falls, and is replaced by civilians, a firmly democratic order is almost certain to follow. Ten years of often brutal military dictatorship have done nothing to weaken Chileans' underlying attachment to democracy. On the contrary, that attachment has been greatly strengthened. A decade ago, leftists tended to dismiss democracy as "bourgeois," a mask hiding the ugly face of capitalism. Rightists tended to talk glibly about how a taste of the military whip would be good for the country's character. No longer. Next time, Chileans won't take their democracy for granted.

There has been a strong but divided opposition to Pinochet ever since he took over in 1973, focusing on charges that his secret police use systematic torture and "disappearance" to eliminate his opponents. But until recently he had the firm support of the armed forces, business, and a large portion of the middle class, which were satisfied with the government's restoration of stability and a four-year economic boom. Over the past two years the boom fizzled, and the opposition united, demanding that Pinochet abandon his inflexible application of monetarist theories, which had led to massive bankruptcies, a 14 percent decline in production, and 20 percent unemployment. In January Pinochet took over the country's main private banks, which were on the verge of collapse. But it was the Chilean unions, angered by a tough labor code imposed by Pinochet and decimated by layoffs, which brought the opposition to the streets. Led by Rodolfo Seguel, the 29-year-old president of the copper miners union, the major unions formed a coalition called the National Workers Command and proclaimed a series of national days of protest.

On June 14, using tactics similar to those that had been used against President Salvador Allende, who was overthrown and killed in the 1973 military coup, Chileans kept their children home from school during the day and, after dark, banged pots and pans outside their houses, raising a din all over the city. That was the plan outlined by the National Workers Command.

There was also an unplanned, violent side of the protest. I saw it at what started as a sit-in by students at the library of the University of Chile in southern Santiago. The street outside—a broad avenue lined by masonry walls—was filled with tear gas when I arrived. About a hundred young men—students and a large number of poorly dressed youths who appeared to be from the city's slums—were chasing riot policemen out of the street in a hail of rocks. The police charged with reinforcements and were driven back again. They fired tear-gas rockets into the crowd, and I heard several volleys of machine-gun fire—apparently over the youths' heads, since no casualties were reported from the area. Later that night, demonstrators put up barricades and started bonfires all over town. It is cold in Santiago at this time of year.

The final toll was five dead and seventeen wounded, all but one by gunshots. In most cases the shots were fired by men in civilian clothes shooting at crowds of demonstrators from passing cars. There was also scattered looting of food stores, and a old friend of mine told me that in his lower-middle-class neighborhood, protesters attacked the house of a man suspected of having been an informer at the time of the 1973 military takeover.

According to local journalists, the government ordered newspapers and television networks to play up the vandalism, presumably in an effort to discredit the protest movement in general. And the violence did show how much pent-up anger is lurking in the vast slums surrounding Santiago, where unemployment is estimated to be twice the official rate. However, despite the incidence of apparently spontaneous violence, there have been no reports of organized armed groups in action, or of anything approximating guerrilla activity. At least for now, the movement against Pinochet cannot reasonably be held hostage to the argument that the government's overthrow would devolve into a takeover by extremists.

Returning to Chile after an absence of four years, I have found a revitalized opposition movement, in which opponents of Allende are working alongside the leftist militants and union leaders who were their adversaries ten years ago. The leftists I spoke with saw the irony of their banging pots and pans—the preeminent gesture of repudiation

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of their politics in the past—but brushed it off. "Now even the *momios* are good," a member of one of the underground leftist parties joked, using a leftist epithet (mummies) for the upper class, generally right-wing opponents of Allende.

The broad opposition movement no longer fits into the previous political categories of right, center, and left "thirds," a division whose rigidity has traditionally been blamed for the lack of stable political consensus in Chile. Perhaps even more significantly, I found that the political parties—decimated by the executions and disappearances of leftists at the hands of Pinochet's secret police and by the forced exile of dozens of Christian Democratic leaders—were running to catch up to a quickly evolving social movement not of the parties' instigation, much less under the parties' leadership.

The Popular Unity coalition led by Allende, basically an alliance of the large Communist and Socialist parties, ceased to exist after a series of Socialist Party divisions in 1979. The Communist Party, one of the most rigidly pro-Moscow in the hemisphere, has isolated itself by moving left to advocate "armed struggle" along Central American lines, an approach the party had always avoided in Chile. After the split, many of the leaders of the Socialist Party and of the smaller, Christian-oriented leftist parties began to realign around the idea of a loosely defined socialism as an instrument making democracy possible in Third World countries—and away from the old idea that "bourgeois" democracy had to be revamped if socialism were to be made possible.

The weekend after the June 14 protest, I attended a seminar on "the renewal of socialism" held on the relatively protected premises of a Catholic Church seaside retreat. For many of the three hundred participants, it was the first public discussion of leftist political ideas they had experienced since the coup. The meeting was sponsored by the so-called Socialist Convergence, a new organization made up of three small leftist parties in an as yet unspecified alliance with Socialist Party leaders embarked on reuniting the party. In the two days of open sessions and small group discussions, two common themes emerged: an almost liberal commitment to establish democratic systems, and a virtually pacifist rejection of the use of violence in or out of government.

The left's gradual realignment has opened the way to far closer relations with the Christian Democratic Party, whose strong right-center and left-center wings make it not only the largest party but also a genuinely centrist one. None of the old parties to the right of the Christian Democrats is functioning. (They were the only parties to dissolve themselves willingly after Pinochet's ban on all political activity.) Several prominent rightist politicians, however, have signed statements in support of protests, and have joined a loose political group called the Multiparty, made up of representatives of almost all parties except the Communists. Rightist criticism of Pinochet is still largely private and usually focuses on economic problems, which disillusioned rightists now contend could have been resolved under a more democratic system.

All of the established parties are painfully aware that the protest movement has moved forward largely without their leadership, and that it has already shown signs of weakness as the government plays off one section of the protest movement against another by selective arrests and concessions.

RODOLFO SEGUEL has become the symbol of the protest movement and its nonpartisan, nonviolent—almost Gandhian—nature. Seguel is a high school graduate who works as an accountant's assistant in the El Teniente copper mine. He was completely unknown in political circles until last December, when he was elected to his first union office. In February he was elected national union president—as a stand-in, union insiders say, for a long-time union leader prevented from holding the union presidency by the government's Draconian labor code. Far from playing the passive role that had been expected of him, at an April union convention Seguel pushed for a strong statement of union opposition to the government and a demand for a return to democracy as the only solution to the union's grievances. He then got the union's agreement to stage a national copper strike—a rude blow to the government. Copper accounts for at least 60 percent of Chile's hard currency earnings; and the last time the copper mines went on a politically motivated strike it was against Allende. The government's threat to occupy the mines with troops, partly carried out, prompted the union to transform the strike call into the call for a national protest on May 11 and for monthly protests thereafter. The result has been a vast wave of opposition activity. "Until then," a former university administrator told me, "people in opposition to Pinochet looked for ways to hide their opposition. The protest got all these people to stick their heads out of their houses and find out how many others felt the same way."

When I interviewed Seguel, on the afternoon of June 14, he identified himself as a Christian Democrat and gave me a simple, almost disingenuous explanation for his success in uniting the country's unions—divided along party lines—into a powerful protest movement. In the copper union, he said, he first reached an agreement with all the union leaders—some of whom are Christian Democrats and some of whom are Communists—to postpone ideological differences and unite on a plan of action. "We developed a consensus, and after I learned it could be done, I wanted to bring that consensus to the other union organizations." He did so in late May, between the protests of May 11 and June 14, by forging five organizations whose member unions include most of organized labor in Chile into the National Workers Command.

"We are in agreement that we have to end this dictatorship with actions that are very peaceful but at the same time very demonstrative," Seguel told me. "We can't get rid of it with weapons because we don't have weapons, nor with force because we do not advocate the use of force. But, yes, we can use peaceful action, to show the govern-

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ment that we are tired, that we have had it up to here and that we want to return to full democracy."

Seguel declined to call for Pinochet's resignation—to do so is generally assumed to be a crime in Chile—but said, "If the return to democracy means the exit of this government, then so be it. . . . I don't have to say his name. Everybody knows who he is.

"The ultimate inspiration of our movement is that this is a people that has been humiliated and violated for ten years. With violence you can't defend yourself. Violence just engenders more violence, and we aren't willing to do that. A lot of blood has flowed in this country, too much to let it keep flowing. We reject all violence. Our brothers can't keep killing each other. We have to reach a consensus about how to lift this country up, not kill each other," he said.

The example of Lech Walesa and Solidarity is evident in Seguel's protest movement; it is also of no mean significance to the mass response he has evoked that *Gandhi* has been playing to packed houses in Santiago for months. It only strengthens such parallels that Seguel modestly rejects them as inappropriate to his homespun Chilean movement to restore everyday democracy with parties and elections.

Twelve hours after my meeting with Seguel, five unidentified men—later acknowledged by the government to be detectives—broke down the door of the house where he was staying and arrested him on charges of subversion. Seguel's arrest led to a solidarity strike by copper miners: three of four mines actually shut down, and the government threw seven more of the union's national leadership council in jail with Seguel. The truck owners association, which in 1973 set off a national work stoppage that was the first major step to Allende's fall, suddenly declared a national strike in solidarity with the copper miners; that strike was ill-prepared and petered out in two days. The end of the current cycle of protest came on June 25. But the union leaders not yet jailed and political party leaders had already begun planning for the next monthly protest, on or about July 11—this time likely to be under the overall direction of the political parties, whose gingerly support for the first protests was resented by some union leaders.

Pinochet can be said to have survived the round, reacting with a strangely incoherent combination of repression, arrests, and press censorship on the one hand, and concessions such as the return of prominent exiles and the lifting of book censorship on the other. But he may have signaled his final response in an angry televised address on June 17, in which he refused to consider any change in the timetable that calls for him to remain in power until at least 1989 and for full democracy to be postponed until 1997. To defend the "values of the 11th of September of 1973" (the date of the coup against Allende), he said he would give his life if necessary. There are more than a few ironies in the waning days of Chile's dictator.

There remains a reasonably good chance that democracy will be restored in Chile, and that the country will get back on the track of its interrupted 130-year democratic tradition—but no thanks to Pinochet, who is resisting to the end, and who recently called democracy the "culture dish" of Communism. If it happens, it will be through the efforts of Chilean politicians, union officials, and grassroots leaders—perhaps with a felicitous nudge to Pinochet from the Reagan Administration, which may soon find it advantageous to ease the way for a coalition, even one that includes an influential left. Support for such a coalition, with its determined devotion to democracy, would serve U.S. security interests better than waiting for Pinochet to degenerate into another Somoza while the ideological battle in favor of nonviolence is lost.

JOHN DINGES

John Dinges, who lived in Chile from 1972 to 1978, is the coauthor with Saul Landau of *Assassination on Embassy Row* (Pantheon), an account of the killing of the Chilean exile leader Orlando Letelier.

Supermarket for the jet set.

MIRAGES

Paris

THE BLACK-TIE dinner for sixteen hundred in the garden at "Les Mirages," home of the legendary French warplane manufacturer, Marcel Dassault, was a scene out of old Hollywood: a formal receiving line with a valet to announce arrivals, two tents with movie-star mirror lighting, and tables decorated with ivy-draped candelabras and lavish spring bouquets. These centerpieces were replaced at dessert time by two-foot-long Mirage fighter jets made of candy. The guests feasted on a five-course meal that ended with a concoction called "Mirage," created especially for the occasion by Gaston Lenôtre, the Parisian patissier to the pampered. He even managed to bake a Mirage airplane onto each bread roll. (This provoked an animated debate about whether the crusty image was a replica of the Mirage 2000 N with nuclear capability or the Mirage III NG, a low-maintenance tactical fighter developed for Third World export). At the end of the evening, a Mirage-shaped ice sculpture was presented to the assembled crowd, and fireworks in a Mirage configuration lit up the sky. As the Château Dassault was poured, a company executive told me, "One has to be an optimist in this business."

So it went at the Paris Air Show, the international supermarket for multimillion-dollar military and civilian aircraft that takes place every other June. The moderate-left weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* published a special issue on French arms sales to coincide with the show, and valiantly tried to explain why the Mitterrand government was, despite its initial purist rhetoric, selling arms to whoever

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would buy them. The fashionable explanation is that arms sales are the cost of French independence—that if France did not export weaponry, it could not afford to sustain its own domestic arms industry, and therefore would be forced to rely on a superpower for procurement. With the nationalization of the industry in 1981, arms sales have in fact provided the government with a powerful "weapon" for conducting an autonomous and influential defense policy.

However, the French are not trying to win ideological converts with their sales; their primary motivation is to bolster the sickly franc through increased foreign exchange. Arms sales are the engine of the French economy. They are France's number one export, and a million jobs depend upon them directly or indirectly. None of this seems to inflame French public opinion; while seven hundred thousand people had visited the air show at Le Bourget by the end of the week, a measly two hundred fifty turned out at the Plateau d'Albion nuclear installation in southern France for a peace rally.

Mitterrand originally announced that he would not sell to "colonialists, racists, or fascists." He subsequently discovered that such governments are extinct except in Chile and South Africa. He also said he would not sell arms to countries engaged in war, but this apparently does not apply to Iraq, for whom France remains the principal supplier of weapons. France has also upheld its agreements with Syria and Libya. It will try to curry favor with any Gulf state that wants to buy its goods, and though 75 percent of its arms exports go to Baghdad and Riyadh, it has also recently arranged lucrative deals with Abu Dhabi and Kuwait.

COURTING RITUALS at air shows are elaborate. Appropriately, the motto of the manufacturer of the Exocet missile is "From the heart of man to the heart of space." A senior weapons executive observed that the men playing this game often had "little means and big dreams," and that it is therefore wise to check out a country's pedigree when it says it wants to buy. The Greeks were the most sought after potential client this year, but were acutely aware of the fickleness of such popularity. An official in the Greek entourage commented, "Everyone wants us until we buy. Then no one will remember who we are." Although Middle Eastern sales were still down considerably, word had it that the Egyptians were on a Parisian shopping spree, and that the Saudis were, as usual, picking up the tab for their brothers.

On the final Saturday of the Salon, two hundred thousand airplane afficionados turned out to see the wares. Traffic on the freeway to Le Bourget was backed up for hours, but V.I.P.s—those who were there to buy rather than to window shop—cut through in high speed convoys led by motorcycles with sirens blaring. The air show itself was spectacular, and one cannot help but be awed by the agility of these mechanical birds of war. A Sea Harrier demonstrated just how it could make a vertical landing on a Spanish cargo ship, and Mirages played like feathers blowing in the wind—swerving, wiggling, swooping, twirling—an acrobatic display so mesmerizing that one had to keep reminding oneself that the maneuvers confirmed their capacity to shoot each other down in an air battle. Even the French were won over by the American space shuttle Enterprise, which showed off its piggyback takeoff and landing. But the shuttle was confined to doing circles around the airport, since it had been prevented from flying over Paris for "security" reasons. Although flying planes over Paris is generally forbidden, exceptions have been made for military aircraft celebrating Bastille Day. The truth is that French officials did not like "the idea of providing spectacular publicity for the U.S. shuttle," which is in direct competition with their calamity-plagued Ariane rocket.

At noon Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy and President Mitterrand's brother Jacques, head of the French aerospace association, hosted lunch in a giant hangar on behalf of French commercial aviation. While four thousand guests feasted, Mauroy pounded out a speech about the advantages of the European-manufactured Airbus, to the dismay of the Boeing representatives present (their 767 is the Airbus's nemesis). A hard-sell approach, it was hoped, would captivate Arab customers, where the market for the current generation of planes is estimated to be $20 billion. The Airbus manufacturing consortium (France, Britain, Spain, and Germany) is under severe financial pressure because it has not yet sold even half of the eight hundred fifty aircraft necessary to recoup development costs. In 1982 a dismal seventeen orders were received. In 1983 executives have been clinging to hints of an improvement based on orders placed by several Asian carriers. They hope these sales will trigger a switch to Airbus throughout the Middle East and Asia. Underlining domestic sensitivity to the issue, *Le Monde* recently ran a story that Singapore Airlines had ordered six of the Airbus 310, but tactfully omitted to mention that they had also ordered ten Boeing 767s at the same time.

To close the ten days of wooing, Minister of Defense Charles Hernu threw a garden party for fifteen hundred at the Hôtel de Brienne, the elegant former private home in the seventh arrondissement that is the French Pentagon. Hernu's office is as gilded and gracious as any room at Versailles. A military ensemble played seventeenth-century music and the guests sampled caviar finger sandwiches, and champagne. The only ominous note was the geese paddling around a pond in the background. According to local legend, each time a Minister of Defense resigns or is deposed, a goose comes to live at the Ministry to mark his passing. Given the state of the economy, the French government is unlikely to abandon its support of the armaments industry. But even such solicitude for the golden egg may not prevent the arrival of another goose.

ELIZABETH D. SHERWOOD

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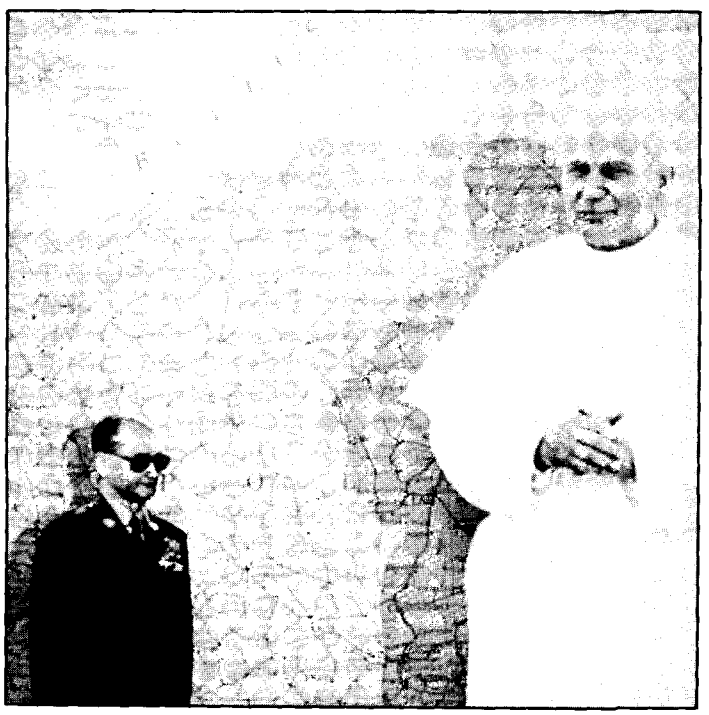
The Pope's journey and its aftermath.

POLAND'S HOPE

BY TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Kraków

"STAY WITH US, stay with us," they chant, these vast, gentle crowds, in an outpouring of love which causes even hardened spectators to brush away an involuntary tear, and the Pope's every gesture says, "If only I could, if only I could." The airplane that rose above the meadows of his beloved Kraków last Thursday afternoon bore a great and very homesick man back to Rome. But it left a society certain that Karol Wojtyla's second fantastic pilgrimage to his native land, which he described to close friends beforehand as the most difficult of all his journeys (including Nicaragua), has been a triumph. A triumph for the Polish Pope, a triumph for the Polish Church, a triumph for the Polish nation.



BY ALEX LEWIS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As much Western news coverage has amply demonstrated, it is impossible to translate into foreign newsprint what he had to say. It is impossible because he speaks to the Poles through a tapestry of symbols and allusions—historical, literary, philosophical, Mariological—each of which requires at least a paragraph of explanation. It is impossible because so much depends on a theatrical delivery which John Gielgud once called "perfect." It is impossible because poetry is what gets lost in translation.

Yet since the Poles have been doing the impossible ever since the Pope's first visit four years ago, we may at least attempt it, beginning with what he did not say. In sharp contrast to his last visit he said nothing about one leitmotif of his pontificate: the future of the churches elsewhere in Eastern Europe and the special mission of the Slav Pope to reassert the unity of Christian Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. This was the Vatican's one major concession to Moscow.

On the other hand, although he talked a lot about peace, he gave no gifts to the Soviet media. In his only major reference to nuclear disarmament, he recalled a memorandum of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences on the effects of nuclear war, sent to both the Soviet Union and the United States. But this was a cycle of homilies written by a Pole, for the Poles, about Poland.

To the people of Poland he said, first of all, that he shares their disappointment and their suffering since the imposition of martial law. He said this through his bowed head and somber mien from the moment he stepped onto the tarmac at Warsaw airport. "He is sad," said the old woman standing next to me. "You see, he understands." He said it in his first homily, in St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw: "Together with all my compatriots—especially with those who are most acutely tasting the bitterness of disappointment, humiliation, suffering, of being deprived of their freedom, of being wronged, of having their dignity trampled on—I stand beneath the cross of Christ. . . ." And again, referring to the late "primate of the millennium," Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, "Divine Providence spared him the painful events connected with the date 13 December 1982." A chorus of applause rose from the tens of thousands massed in the streets of the old town around the cathedral. So far the censors have not allowed this sentence to appear anywhere, even in the small-circulation Catholic press. But everyone has heard it.

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His theme, however, was victory. Out of this political defeat, he told them, they are called to win a moral victory. In part this must be an internal, spiritual victory: "Man is called to victory over himself," the victory of martyrdom, the victory of the cross. "It is the saints and the beatified," he declared in Kraków, "who show us the path to the victory that God achieves in human history." As the individual, so also the nation is called to the moral victory.

THIS MORAL VICTORY, however, is not to be won merely by patient suffering in faith. No, it demands "living in truth." "It means," the Pope explained to more than half a million young people from all over Poland gathered before the Jasna Gora Monastery, "that I make an effort to be a person with a conscience . . . I call good and evil by name. . . ." "It means: love of neighbor, it means: fundamental *solidarity* between human beings"—and here, in this context, he used the word solidarity for the first time. It means fighting "demoralization"—both in the sense of declining morale and of decaying morals. Effortlessly recapturing the word "renewal" (*odnowa*) from the Communist dictionary, he preached the imperative of "moral and social renewal." The nation must bear witness to the truth as it did in August 1980, "that witness which amazed the whole world, when the Polish worker stood up for himself with the gospel in his hand and a prayer on his lips." Today, too, the Poles must not cease to stand up for certain fundamental human and civil rights.

And then he told them, with a clarity that thrilled his listeners and dismayed the government, precisely what those rights are. First, Poland has a right to independence, to national sovereignty, to take "her proper place among the nations of Europe, between East and West," as he put it to General Jaruzelski at the Belweder Palace, in a speech which, unlike most of his homilies, was televised nationwide. At the end of the open-air masses, he intoned the stirring hymn that has long been a second, unofficial national athem. The original version of "God Who Protects Poland . . ." concludes, "*Restore* to us, O Lord, a free fatherland." The Communist authorities, however, have tried to encourage the version introduced when Poland regained its independence in 1918, which concludes, "*Bless* for us, O Lord, the free fatherland"—implying that People's Poland is in fact a free fatherland. But the Pope's huge congregations did not hesitate for a moment: it was the original version they sang. What is more, the Pope himself quoted it, in the central religious celebration of his pilgrimage: "Yes. Here at Jasna Gora there also rested the hope of the nation and the persevering effort toward independence. . . . 'Restore to us, O Lord, a free fatherland. . . .' "

In Katowice, the industrial capital of upper Silesia, addressing an audience subdued by temperament, pouring rain, and strict Church discipline, he went on to spell out the specific rights of workers: "The right to a just salary," "the right to security," "the right to a day of rest" (work-free Sundays were only won after a long struggle in the mines here). "Connected with the area of workers' rights is the question of trade unions." And the right of all professional groups, including agricultural and white-collar workers, to form unions as "a mouthpiece for the struggle for social justice." He quoted a speech by Cardinal Wyszynski (which at the time referred specifically to Rural Solidarity) on "a people's right to free association." "Only the obligation to protect and guard it. This right is given by the creator who made man as a social being." "It was in this spirit," the Pope continued, "that I spoke in January 1981 during an audience granted to the delegation of Solidarity"—and even the dour Silesians raised a cheer at his first (and only) direct mention of the outlawed movement—"accompanied by"—they nudged each other and whispered, "Lech Walesa"—"the representative of the Polish government for permanent working contacts with the Holy See." This problem, he concluded, can only be resolved through "a true dialogue between the authorities and society."

However, in order to revive the dialogue that was severed on December 13, 1981, the Polish people must learn to forgive. Forgiveness should liberate them from "the fetters of hatred—for hatred is a destructive force, and we must neither destroy, nor allow ourselves to be destroyed by it." "Forgiveness is love's might, forgiveness is not weakness. To forgive does not mean to resign from truth and justice."

THIS, in crude summary, was the burden of the Pope's message to the Polish people. To the Polish authorities he spoke no less clearly. He told Jaruzelski at the Belweder that the starting point for "social renewal" must be the "social accords" that concluded the strikes of the summer of 1980—and gave birth to Solidarity. The authorities and society must find "means of dialogue which are truly effective." Addressing more than a million people from the windy heights of a Warsaw football stadium, he demanded "an order in which man's fundamental rights will be respected." He went on to say, "Such an order can be simultaneously a victory of the governed and a victory of those who govern. That point must be reached by way of dialogue and agreement, which is the only viable way for the nation to achieve the *fullness of civil rights* and the social structures which correspond to its just requirements and are capable of fostering the consensus needed by the state if it is to fulfill its role. Through this consensus the nation expresses its sovereignty concretely."

At Jasna Gora he returned to the theme of sovereignty: "The state is firmly sovereign when it *governs* society and also *serves* the common good of society and allows the nation to realize its own subjectivity (i.e., aspirations), its own identity." Later, speaking as if directly to the icon of the Black Madonna in the monastery behind him: "Queen of Poland, I also wish to entrust you with the difficult task of those who wield authority on Polish soil. . . . The state gains its strength first of all from the support of the people." In short, he said to the authorities: You never tire of proclaiming your sovereignty—

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O.K., then behave like a sovereign power.

His third audience was the Polish Church itself. This Church is now stronger than it has been at any time since the war—spiritually, institutionally, and politically. It is the only institution in Poland to have been strengthened both by the rise of Solidarity *and* by the state of war. On the one hand, since December 13, 1981, a great charge of frustrated hopes, idealism, and energy has run from Solidarity to the Church. According to surveys, in the last year the percentage of regular churchgoers has soared from an already high 60 to 65 percent to an astonishing 90 to 95 percent—especially in working-class parishes. The badges and banners that one saw everywhere with the papal motto "*totus tuus*" and slogans like "In Solidarity With the Pope" or even "*juventus semper fidelis*," all in the unmistakable red jumbly lettering of "Solidarność," express this transference symbolically. On the other hand, the Jaruzelski government needs Church cooperation more than any of its predecessors, and has made more concessions to win it. Never before has the Church had so much broadcasting time on TV and radio (a right originally won for it by the workers in the summer of 1980), so many newspapers, seminaries, schools, and permits for church-building. Two hundred churches are being built in the Kraków diocese alone.

THE POPE IN CZESTOCHOWA, JUNE 19 (UPI)

In fact, the Church is frankly alarmed at its own strength—and under the uncertain leadership of Cardinal Glemp it has been divided about how to use that strength. How far should it cooperate with the government at the highest level? How far should it help persecuted workers and Solidarity activists at the parish level? In Warsaw, one church in the working-class quarter of Zoliborz (once a Socialist stronghold) has a famous Solidarity altar. In Kraków, the bishop recently instructed a vicar to dismantle his Solidarity altar and stop the worker education groups that were being held in the vestry. Parish priests have been outspoken in their criticism of the primate.

One of the Pope's main purposes in this pilgrimage was to give the Polish Church its instructions. Politely ignoring the dumpy figure of Primate Glemp, he spoke, in effect, as Pope-primate. His speech to the Episcopate conference, largely overlooked in media coverage, may in the long term prove to have been as important as any. In it he singled out for special praise the communiqués of the plenary sessions of the Episcopate, which have spelled out the rights of society and the conditions for dialogue most explicitly: "It seems to me that the communiqués of the Episcopal conference respond to the need to hear the truth, which is so acute in society. The truth is the first and fundamental condition of social renewal. Without it, one cannot speak of social dialogue, which the Episcopate so justly demands, and which society certainly expects." It is necessary, he went on, "to defend every citizen, to protect every life, to prevent injuries, which occur so easily in the case of beatings, especially with young and weak organisms"—a characteristic allusion to the recent case of a Warsaw schoolboy who died after police interrogation. Finally, "the Christian doctrine of work demands both the solidarity of workers among themselves and the need for honest solidarity with workers."

Whatever the immediate political effects of the Pope's visit, it is a fact of immense significance that thousands of priests all over Poland will be preaching and ministering along the lines he set for years to come. In the Polish Church, as in economics, there is a "multiplier effect."

Meanwhile, the government declares itself broadly satisfied with the visit, which it says both illustrated and facilitated the process of "normalization." Spokesmen for the government hint broadly that perhaps on the Communist anniversary of July 22, it will lift martial law, currently just "suspended." In sharp contrast to 1979, it has made this very much a state event, garlanding the Pope with chains of police and security men, which angered and depressed the Poles: "As if *we* would want to shoot him, they exclaimed as he was whisked away in his bulletproof box. The government tried, rather unsuccessfully, to use the presence of some two thousand Western newsmen to put its political point across. Predictably, when the meadow in front of the Jasna Gora Monastery turned into a forest of hands raised in the V for victory sign, and half a million voices cried, "Restore to us, O Lord, a free fatherland," the state TV cameras were flashing back to the Belweder meeting with General Jaruzelski.

Like so much else in contemporary Poland, the position of the Jaruzelski government is paradoxical: it is both exceptionally strong and very weak. Its strength derives from the simple fact that it has a monopoly of physical

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force which it has shown itself prepared to use and use again. (General Jaruzelski is the first Polish Party leader since 1956 to have shot Polish workers, breaking the first unwritten commandment of the Polish national tradition—"Pole shall not kill Pole"—and to have survived.) Its weakness is manifested in its inability to find any political way out of the continuing crisis.

SURPRISINGLY, even people who are active in opposition concede that General Jaruzelski's personal intentions are different from—and in some senses, better than—those of his predecessors. In his Belweder speech he spoke Polish—not translated Sovietese. His obligatory reference to Soviet-Polish friendship was almost papal in its allusiveness, quoting a famous poem, "To Muscovite Friends," by Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish Byron. He did not once mention the Communist Party, but instead spoke emphatically about the necessity of a strong *state*, a state that implements reforms through laws. Moreover, he said, "Our law does not punish for views: it only bans antistate *actions* incompatible with the constitution." It is possible, even plausible, that this enigmatic man really wishes to be an authoritarian rather than a totalitarian ruler of a state in which, as Frederick the Great used to put it, "the people say what they like and I do what I like." Even now, articles are published in the official press that could not have been published under Gierek or Gomulka.

But if these are his intentions, can he realize them? At the moment he still seems to be stymied on all sides. Within his own politburo he faces stiff opposition from a faction led by the wily Stefan Olszowski—a faction that opposed the Pope's visit all along, and will now be saying, after the accompanying Solidarity demonstrations and Western news coverage, "We told you so." Behind that faction is the stubborn conservatism of the whole bureaucratic apparatus of the party-state, threatened by reforms and pressure from those "Muscovite friends." Against rumors of an imminent deposition of Jaruzelski must be placed the weighty fact that he is backed by the Soviet military, which was, after all, instrumental in the elevation of Mr. Andropov. Nonetheless, pressure from the Polish and Soviet Party apparatuses drastically reduces his room for maneuver.

Moreover, he is stymied by the economic crisis. Although supplies of basic foodstuffs have improved in recent months, Poland has not begun to sort out its basic problems of long-term neglect of agriculture, catastrophic misinvestment, bureaucratic centralism, and foreign debt. By all accounts, the bloated bureaucracy is already "rolling back" the vaunted economic reform, as it has rolled back every attempted economic reform since 1956. Industrial production fell last year by a further 2 percent. The government hopes that the Pope's visit will help to break their diplomatic quarantine, bringing Western statesmen and credits in his wake. While the primate and his advisers discreetly let it be known that they do not favor the continuance of sanctions, John Paul II made only one delphic public utterance on this subject. "I ardently desire," he told Jaruzelski at the Belweder, "the re-creation of conditions of 'good cooperation' with all the Western nations on our continent, as well as the Americas, above all with the United States of America, where so many millions of citizens are of Polish origin." Does that mean that Reagan should lift sanctions on Jaruzelski's terms? That Jaruzelski should lift martial law on Reagan's terms? That they should both come halfway, in the spirit of Christian "forgiveness" and "dialogue"? What Jaruzelski and the Pope said in their subsequent private meeting, and in its even more extraordinary, unscheduled "continuation" on the Pope's last evening in Kraków, we do not know.

Yet one of their other themes must have been the regime's crippling lack of popular support. If Jaruzelski is to begin to regain even a measure of popular acceptance, he must, as the Pope told him publicly, reinstigate a genuine dialogue. But dialogue with whom? The Patriotic Movement for National Salvation (PRON in its Polish acronym), which the government has set up for this purpose, is still an unpopular joke. The new official trade unions do not represent the workers. Independent professional associations like the Polish Journalists' Association and the Polish Writers' Union have been or are being dissolved. The only institution with which there is still something that might be called "dialogue" is the Church. It seems that this is the dialogue that the regime would most like to pursue today.

IN RETURN for the lifting of martial law and perhaps a partial amnesty for political prisoners, the Church should move into closer public cooperation with the authorities. In the medium term, Church sources suggest, the regime might be prepared to enter into a kind of "corporatist compromise" with the Church, conceding to it large areas of religious and cultural autonomy, and perhaps even sharing power with it over some areas of social and economic life. From the Solidarity period there still survive two lay Catholic government ministers—though their current lot is to hold responsibility without power. One Catholic intellectual even talks in terms of a "Church PRON"; between them these two vast authoritarian corporations would guarantee Poland's stability and internal peace to Moscow. It would be as on the streets of Katowice last week, where order was kept by three-man patrols: one soldier, one policeman, and one priest.

Arguably, the Church is so strong that it could afford the loss of popularity which such a "corporatist compromise" would entail. There are ecclesiastical politicians close to Glemp who are obviously tempted by the prospect. But last week the Pope said an unambiguous public "no" to this temptation. He spelled out to the people, the authorities, and the Episcopate the conditions for a genuine "dialogue"—and those conditions included the participation of authentic trade unions. Does this mean the outlawed movement, Solidarity? Does this mean Lech Walesa? Despite the authorities, glosses on a "strictly pri-

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vate meeting," and despite the strange affair of the *Osservatore Romano* article (which sheds light mainly on tensions within the Vatican), what the Pope meant to say with this meeting is still unclear. "There are no private meetings with the Pope," declares his friend, the Kraków theologian, Father Jozef Tischner. Was he indicating that Walesa is still a partner for the dialogue, the true representative of the Polish working class, as many Poles believe? Or was he, as it were, elevating Walesa to the peerage of Polish martyrs—a symbol of the great ideals of August 1980, but no longer a political actor?

The authorities' position, by contrast, is already clear. "Lech Walesa . . . will never again be a partner of the authorities," says government spokesman Jerzy Urban. "There will be no dialogue . . . with the former leadership of 'Solidarity.' " To see the Pope's visit as one great boost for Solidarity, as some in the Western media have suggested, is, at best, a gross oversimplication. The number of active, banner-bearing Solidarity demonstrators was, in fact, relatively small: a hard core of a few thousand, mostly young men, many of whom followed the Pope from place to place, like pilgrims. "Come with us, today they won't beat you," they chanted. The surrounding crowds seemed delighted to see them. Children danced along the verges and old women flashed V signs from rusty balconies. On Wednesday they marched five long miles from the Kraków meadows to the model workers' town of Nowa Huta, where the Pope was to dedicate a church in the afternoon. "Sol-i-dar-ność," they chanted, "End the war," "Long live the Pope," "Lech Wa-le-sa." Their chants were, however, somewhat indiscriminate: when they passed a van hired by NBC, the cry of "Don't beat for money" (addressed to the police) suddenly changed to "N-B-C, N-B-C, N-B-C." I must truthfully report that they also got lost en route to Nowa Huta, but somehow they managed to wind their way back across dusty allotment gardens, making a superb entrance, banners flying, just ten minutes before the Pope. The concourse of workers roared its approval. It was pure Polish theater.

BUT WHEN the chanting was over, many of them made a rather sober assessment of their position. "That was our last day of freedom," said one standard-bearer, and another: "Many of us feel it was a kind of glorious funeral for Solidarity—as an organization." Theirs is the traditional, superb Polish theater of defiance—and it has a huge and enthusiastic audience—but they do not see any prospect of converting this moral support into effective political action. They cannot force the authorities to talk to them. I understand that Solidarity's underground leadership is uncertain whether to call a demonstration at all for the anniversary of the Gdansk agreement on August 31. For on that day the police will not make a U-turn and speed away from the demonstrations, as I saw them do on the road to Nowa Huta. On that day they will charge with batons raised, even though the crowd chants, as it did last week, "*Dem-on-stra-cja pok-oj-ow-a*," "peace demo, peace demo!"

What does have a future, they argue, is the *samizdat* newspapers, magazines, and factory bulletins that are still being produced on a scale unmatched anywhere else in the Soviet bloc. In large factories, too, Solidarity's clandestine factory commissions continue to collect regular union dues and pay out benefits to the sick and those sacked for political reasons. Some of them discuss attempting to use the limited pluralism of official unions for which the 1982 trades union act provides. Solidarity survives not only as a symbol and a myth, but as a world of diverse local initiatives, of social self-organization, a habit of behavior and a set of values that the Pope preached and blessed. But "Solidarity," the nationwide social movement—not even the activists can envisage the conditions in which it could be restored.

AS EVERYONE SAYS, we had to wait a year before we saw the effects of the Pope's last visit, and we will probably have to wait another year to discern the effects of this one. "The first visit broke through a barrier of fear," a senior Catholic intellectual speculated beforehand. "Perhaps this one can break through the barrier of hopelessness." This time, however, the effects are unlikely to be seen in any single political breakthrough, but rather in countless small ways, in the strengthening of habits of solidarity, dignity, and honesty that are already visible. A university lecturer comments that although few of his students are active in the underground, almost all of them are prepared to say exactly what they think, even about the most sensitive political subjects. The students "call good and evil by name," as the Pope exhorted. Solidarity, says Father Tischner, "was a forest of awakened consciences." The forest is growing. It is not for the forest to go to the government. The government must come to the forest. In this sense, for all the depression and repression, Poland may be said to be in a better condition than any of its neighbors—including even Hungary. This transformation of consciousness, this moral revolution, is a lasting achievement of the Pope and Solidarity.

Whatever develops in Poland over the next few years, it will be different from anything we have seen before. Though the police rule the streets, this country cannot be "normalized"—i.e., returned to Soviet norms. Though the totalitarian Communist system remains in outward form, in reality it is still being dismantled from within.

At this point I must apologize to the gentlemen who kindly gave me a visa, for speaking with such tactless clarity. I hope they will put it down to the bad influence of the Pope. But I promise that when I go to Moscow I will solemnly swear, on a leather-bound edition of V. I. Lenin's *What Is To Be Done*, that in fact the road Poland is taking is just another road to communism—a Polish road, a winding road, it is true, a road that seems to be heading due south rather than east, but ultimately, yes, ultimately (or, as we Marxists say, "objectively") heading toward Moscow.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

New Twists, Old Troubles

So much is boiling these days about the future of film, because of video cassettes and cable TV, that one odd fact about the present is largely ignored. We have more series films nowadays than I can remember—in the big-budget league. Low-budget production, in the high Hollywood days, always had its series (as distinct from serials): The Whistler, Boston Blackie, Hopalong Cassidy, and so on. The series film usually *meant* low budget. Not today, not with the Star Wars and Rocky and James Bond progeny.

Superman III
(Warner Brothers)

Puberty Blues
(Universal Classics)

Only one of the series, the Superman set, seems aware of its status as a series. The point is not inclusion of flashback or reference to the past but an integral acknowledgement that the new film exists in the same world as its predecessors. In the new James Bond, for instance, I can't understand why the Louis Jourdan character doesn't recognize Bond when he meets him; on what planet has the Jourdan person been living? This doesn't happen with Superman. He's recognized. He's a member of the community. In *Superman III* when he saves a boy's life, he is simply taken to be one of the available options in time of danger. And this new film has my favorite moment in all three Superman pictures. For plot reasons, Superman doesn't arrive in time to save a truck and driver that have been hanging on the edge of a bridge after an accident; the truck plunges just before he gets there. And Superman is *reproved*! His help was expected. He is groused at like a late fire truck by irate taxpayers. Now that's what I call mythic cumulation, Film No. 3 building on the first two.

The writers and director of *Superman III* have responded to their hero's prior appearances in several ways. First, as noted, he is known, as well he might be: if we include comic-book incarnation, he's been around for over forty years.

Second, they have emphasized the comedy. The comic books always had comic-book wit. ("Mind if I drop in?" as he crashes through a skylight into the villain's lair.) The first two films increased it. The latest goes much further. I assume that the motive is not just to make him more chummy but to make his feats more impressive and credible. If he is going to mend a gaping hole in the side of a tanker with his bare hands, it's more awesome if we know that the fellow makes and suffers jokes rather than that he's a flying hunk of marble. Also he becomes more acceptable to the hip if the whole picture can be seen as one exciting, gigantic wink. The scriptwriters, David and Leslie Newman, have cooked up an opening sequence that is pure Mr. Magoo, and the director, Richard Lester, with his longtime editor, John Victor Smith, has made the most of it. The villain, Robert Vaughan, is a dry wit himself; instead of a stock menace like Dr. No, he's a Dr. Oh, Yeah?, with a butch sister whom he kids and a curvy blonde girlfriend who reads Kant on the sly.

Third, they have recognized that Lois Lane, especially as played by Margot Kidder, is a drag. They can't quite dump her, but they use her only at the beginning and end. Through most of the film, as a result of Clark Kent's trip to a high school reunion, he has a reticent romance with a former crush of his. Annette O'Toole is as appealing as Kidder is not, and the possibility of Clark Kent's amorous success (little does she know what might be in store for *her*) gives the picture more interest than the stale Lane-rejection syndrome.

Fourth, vulnerability. This has been a Superman plot problem from the beginning: how to keep up suspense when we all know that boulders and bullets bounce off him. Essentially this is a given of any melodrama—the hero and heroine never die—but it's heightened here by the hero's supernatural powers. The authors have done well at finding supernatural obstacles to match. I'm scarcely spilling one bean when I reveal that he survives, but they give him a more aptly tough time than he has had before.

Christopher Reeve again does what he's told as well as he can. At least he has pleasing alacrity. A big part has been written in for Richard Pryor but not particularly well: the wit that touches much of the picture seems weakest in the writing for Pryor, so he has to do most of the work himself to get his stuff off the ground. (Coincidence: This is the second time in a month—after Eddie Murphy in *Trading Places*—that we get the role of a street black suddenly rocketing to riches.) Robert Vaughan lays some nice sarcasm on his greed. About the fate of Richard Lester, the director, a considerable essay could be written. He made the first Beatles films, which were lovely, and *The Knack*, which was a burst of cinematic imagination; then he made *How I Won the War*, which I think, after many viewings, is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Breathless. Surprise. Nowhere near Godard's level, this American transmutation has contemporary point. Additional surprise: Richard Gere is alive and violently kicking.

The Draughtsman's Contract. A murderous Restoration comedy, superbly written and directed by Peter Greenaway.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Based on historical fact, well acted and directed. Best of all, two hours in exquisitely re-created sixteenth-century France.

WarGames. A computer-mad high school boy accidentally taps into the Norad system and almost is the cause of world destruction. Clever and exciting enough. Perhaps cautionary.

SK

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wonderful and which, I'm beginning to think, suffered by being ahead of its time. It was made before Monty Python. The Monty Python films have changed acceptances; Lester's black-comic masterpiece might now find the public it deserves.

Lester has kept working but not at his own work. Ill Wind Department: his direction of the new Superman picture is a chief reason why it's more amusing than expected.

ONE OF THE worst agonies in the Western world is neither political nor economic, it's domestic: the trouble between parents and teenage children. It doesn't rate high on most lists of problems because it's transitory, usually (though no means always) without lasting ill effect. But it's damnably acute, for both parents and children, while it's going on. All the comedies about adolescence don't alter the real-life misery. Those who have never experienced it, as parent or child, must know their luck.

Filmmakers keep treating the subject, sometimes with modest seriousness, because the bulk of the filmgoing audience is between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four. (I can't remember a film that concentrates on the feelings of teenagers' parents.) Just lately we had *Baby, It's You*, which tried to mask its ordinariness behind 1960s décor, and *Valley Girl*, which showed again that adolescent cliques are among the lasting strongholds of snobbery and prejudice.

If it's any comfort to parents or children, troubles are much the same in Australia. That assurance is the main reward of *Puberty Blues*. It's a taking title (with a less taking title song), but once we've absorbed the foreign accents and setting (the Sydney suburbs, much like southern California), the *vu* is very *déjà*. Any hope that a change of venue might bring some new insight or intensity to the material is quickly dashed.

One aspect, though, is extraordinary—the purely cinematic. Fine filmmaking talent has been expended on dim material. The director—sympathetic, deft, assured—was Bruce Beresford, who had already made *Breaker Morant*, among others. *Puberty Blues* was the last film he directed in Australia before he came here to do *Tender Mercies*. The excellent cinematographer was Don McAlpine, who had already done *My Brilliant Career* and *Breaker Morant* and who, I've read, is now in the United States shooting the new Paul Newman film. Two instances of McAlpine's vision: the opening of *Puberty Blues* is a long shot of a Sydney beach teeming with human particles, each of which is articulated; later, for contrast, we get immense close-ups of sunbathing girls, which are like Edward Weston's transmutations of one body into a cosmos. McAlpine has shown that he is of world rank; now he seems on the way to world recognition.

MARK CRISPIN MILLER ON TELEVISION

"Family Feud"

"Family Feud" may well be the cleverest game show on TV. It's certainly the most absorbing. "Family Feud" has been on the air since 1975, it comes on (in most cities) twice a day, and yet it hasn't lost its fascination, and probably never will, as long as millions stare at millions of TV sets. When Mark Goodson and his associates first cooked this trifle up, they created one of TV's few abiding things, a spectacle as durable and bright as Johnny Carson, or a no-wax floor.

If you aren't a regular viewer of "Family Feud," you might enjoy a leisurely description. Of course, trying to describe a game show is a bit like trying to describe the kind of dreams you have when half-asleep with fever. Even the weirdest of fantasies, however, has its own implicit structure, and so does "Family Feud," whose generic craziness conceals a form as rigid and significant as the plan of any other public ritual.

The show starts with the usual sudden uproar. "It's time for—'*Family Feud*'!!" someone yells, backed by a screechy din that sounds like bluegrass music played by speed freaks. We see the title, its dark red letters rendered in mock needlepoint across a yellow oval, like an enormous sampler, and then the title turns into some surname—PFISTER, say—also lettered in mock needlepoint. The studio audience goes nuts, the music yelps and twangs, as the oval zips leftward like a sliding door, revealing a sort of mock Victorian parlor, where the five immobile Pfisters pose in wacky imitation of some old-fashioned family portrait. After the announcer shouts their names, the Pfisters break out of this *tableau vivant* and line up, five abreast, applauding back at the applauding crowd. This rapid process then repeats itself, showing us the Pfisters' rival house—say, GRUBB—and then both little clans come bounding out onto the stage, a hectic edifice of lurid hues and tiny winking lights, and face off gaily, five abreast, each standing in a happy row behind a sort of elongated podium.

Now the music turns to brass, hiccuping and blaring in the Vegas mode, and everybody's clapping. Then, ". . . the *star* of 'Family Feud,' " whoops the announcer, "—*Richard Dawson*!!" The place goes crazier, and out strolls this aging, deeply suntanned figure, resplendent in a roomy three-piece suit of glossy brown or gray, a huge carnation shining on his left lapel. He meanders downstage between the cheering Grubbs and Pfisters, as a much-loved drunk might join a raucous party thrown in his honor, and halts to do a spot of mellow schtick. We see at once that Dawson is no typical M.C., not an unctuous, chortling "host," beaming like a salesman, but rather comes on with the boozy self-possession of a weathered libertine. He seems pure show biz, a veteran of unnumbered poolside hangovers. As he glistens on the screen, his asides a little slurred, his shirt cuffs vast and blinding, you start to feel a little groggy, and your Sony starts to smell of aftershave. And yet, while Dawson thus evinces the authority of smooth decay, he also wears, incongruously, the uniform of high-paid middle management—the ample suit, the boutonniere, a glittering watch chain. He is, in short, an ingenious combination of intimidating traits. With his gray Neronian bangs, his puffy, umbered face, and his obtrusive vest, he looks like some old Roman debauchee now working as a district manager for Burger King.

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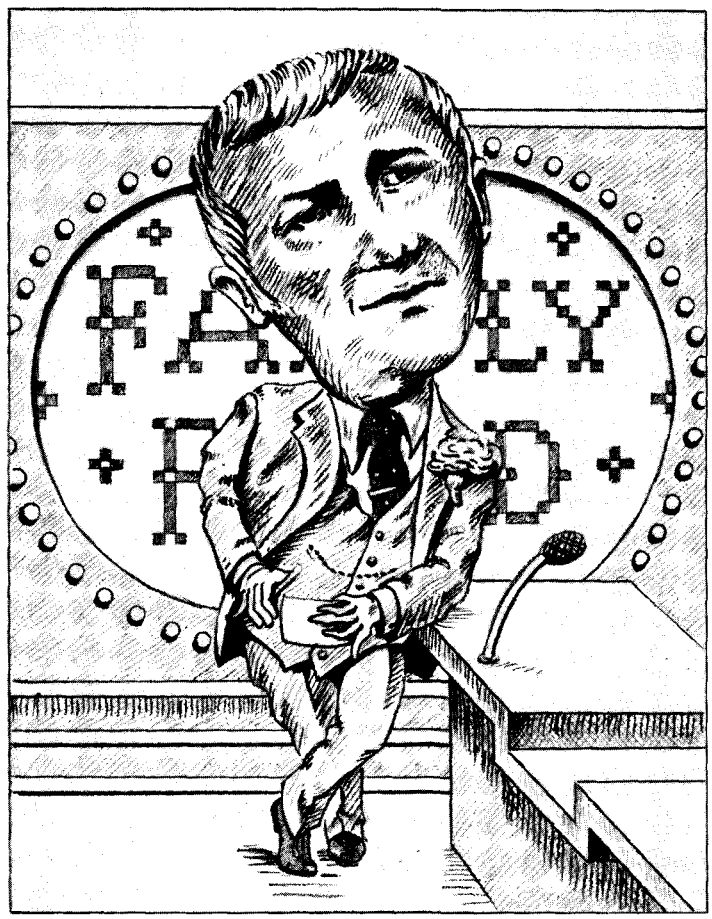
The families on "Family Feud" clearly regard this wry and shiny boss, not just with something like affection, but with deep respect. At first, this seems a little strange, given the glaring contrast between him and them. For, whether the Grubbs or Pfisters claim to hail from L.A., the Bronx, or Salt Lake City, they really represent our fabled heartland. Invariably bright-eyed, cheery, vigorous, and neat, these folks all look as stolid and clean-cut as Dawson seems unwholesome. Although he's clearly not their type, however, Dawson counteracts his daunting aura with intense displays of flattering concern. He falls all over them from start to finish, with an oleaginous noblesse oblige perhaps unrivaled on TV.

After his moment downstage, he turns to do some quick preliminary schmoosing with each team's captain, usually the Dad or elder brother. Leaning forward chummily, with a familiar drawl, Dawson orders Mr. Pfister to identify the family, and the eager patriarch booms back at him, with strained heartiness: "Well, Richard," Pfister thunders, "this is my beautiful wife Adele—my lovely daughter Gina—my good-lookin' son Todd," and so on, as the camera pans across this taut ménage, each Pfister greeting "Richard" with a bellow or a chirp, according to gender. There's some talk about how Pfister earns his livelihood, and then, at the chat's conclusion, the team formally presents the star of "Family Feud" with some homely offering, usually handmade, such as a bag of cookies, a necklace made of chestnuts, or an inscribed hat.

After a similar brief visit with the Grubbs, Dawson shouts, "Let's play the feud!" and swaggers over to his central place behind a smaller podium, beneath a big bright board comprised of numbered slats. A Pfister and a Grubb stand ready at his left and right, as Dawson reads a question, which he introduces with this revealing formula: "One hundred people surveyed, top six answers on The Board, here's the question: Name an appliance that's always plugged in." Grubb and Pfister each lunge forward, and the first to smack a massive button on Dawson's podium gets to answer first: "A vacuum cleaner!" hollers Grubb, who is not, perhaps, as quick as his right hand. Chuckling, Dawson looks up at The Board: "*Vacuum cleaner*?" he calls out, but The Board is still, and there flashes over it a coarse red "X," emphasized by a derisive honk. Dawson turns to Pfister, who, knowing her appliances, shrieks out, "A *toaster*!" Dawson addresses The Board with this wiser answer, whereupon one of the slats turns over with a ping, revealing the word "toaster" and a certain number, representing points.



DRAWING BY JOHN YANSON FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Pfisters exult, because they've won the chance to play this question out. Dawson proceeds down the line along their podium, asking each of them to name another ever-plugged-in thing. Until the schedule starts to tighten, Dawson will conduct each brief interrogation with an efficient stream of cagey banter; and he always greets each female panelist with a loud kiss on the lips, as the menfolk stand there, grinning tightly. (The kiss is Dawson's trademark.) The Pfisters keep it up until they win or lose the round. That is, they either guess every answer on The Board, thereby winning all the points available, or they come up with three "wrong" answers, whereupon the Grubbs jump in and try to guess one answer yet unchosen, stealing the round if they succeed.

The game goes on through several rounds, each devoted to another mundane question—one that refers either to the world of goods ("Name something you have two of in your bathroom"), the teachings of TV ("Name the wealthiest man in show business"), or the routines of daily life ("Name the first thing you do when you wake up in the morning"). Finally, whichever family earns three hundred points gets to play the "Lightning Round." After a show of deft commiseration with the losing Grubbs, who, no less upbeat, promptly disappear, Dawson moves down front and center, as one quivering Pfister comes to stand beside him and another prances off stage left. All is quiet, the Pfister's head, inclined, eyes closed, as if in prayer, appears in closeup—and then Dawson reads off five quick questions, the Pfister blurting out an answer to each one, as fifteen seconds tick away. When time's up, both turn around to hot applause, and face a sort of scoreboard at the rear of the stage. With one familiar arm around the Pfister's neck, Dawson repeats each question and reply, pausing as each answer shows up on the scoreboard with some number next to it. Once we get the grand subtotal, Pfister No. 2 sprints back to undergo the same ordeal. The suspense is captivating, as we wait to find out if the Pfisters have racked up two hundred points, which will win them $10,000.

If the family succeeds, the crowd once again goes berserk, and the winning Pfisters grab each other, bouncing up and down as if attempting a collec-

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tive levitation. As Dawson wanders offstage, many further Pfisters, hitherto unknown, come bolting down the aisles to join their kin. We cut to a commercial. When the show comes back, the much-augmented house of Pfister stands spread out, euphorically, across the stage, and Dawson hands one of them (usually a tot or oldster) a big sheet of white cardboard, with the amount they've won inscribed in Magic Marker, in a childish scrawl. Sometimes, if there are any kids onstage, he hands out lollipops. Finally, we see the credits, and, under them, the Pfisters frolicking and clapping to the rhythm of the grating theme.

What is this all about? Why is this show so popular, why so engrossing? Unlike other game shows, "Family Feud" is never heatedly competitive, nor does the cash prize ultimately matter. Dawson tends to discourage the grim desire to score, turning faintly chilly when confronted with impatient avarice. Usually, however, he doesn't need to convey such scorn, since the players are nearly always buoyant, either good winners or good losers. In fact, both families have more or less cleaned up before the game begins, since the show pays for their trips west, puts them up in a hotel for two nights, and provides them with a car and a comfortable per diem.

If the point of "Family Feud" is not the prize, then maybe it's the emphasis on kinship. "Family Feud" would seem the most straightforward *family* show on television. Its "stars" appear to be just plain folks, exemplars of the old domestic virtues. For one thing, each household sticks together with amazing loyalty. No matter how stupid someone's answer, even if Dawson gets the giggles, the others show maniacal support, clapping hard and roaring out, "Good answer! Good answer!" Such clannishness seems out of place on television, whose impulse is to shatter families, not unite them, ceaselessly exhorting each and every "individual" to go his / her "own way," i.e., to live a "life" of nonstop buying. "Family Feud" appears a broad exception to the TV rule, from its opening title, with "family" proclaimed in scarlet letters, through its closing video portrait of the Pfisters / Grubbs / O'Rourkes / Barzinis / Goldbergs / Jeffersons / Wongs / Romeros, each group rewarded, seemingly, for its intense togetherness.

And yet, in fact, it isn't the familial bond that wins the prize on "Family Feud," but the family's successful self-erasure. Each of Dawson's questions is a test of sameness, its answers based on tallies of "one hundred people surveyed," well ahead of time, by the show's producers. A "correct" reply is therefore not the smartest, but the *least* inventive answer, matching an alleged "consensus" expertly defined and validated by the show itself. Thus the irresistible appeal of "Family Feud" is also the attraction of TV, which tells us endlessly what "we" believe, thereby using our supposed group sentiments to reconfirm its own authority. "Family Feud" is basically a festive variant of those other forms of modern tabulation, the marketing survey and the opinion poll. And so it is precisely like TV itself—a pseudopopulist diversion based on crude statistics.

For all its seeming family pride, then, each group that plays on "Family Feud" does not come on to manifest its own discrete identity, but rather struggles to get rid of it. Victory demands the absolute suppression of any wayward thought or preference, any eccentricity that might define the family apart from TV's bland reconstruction of ourselves. If they want to win, the players must

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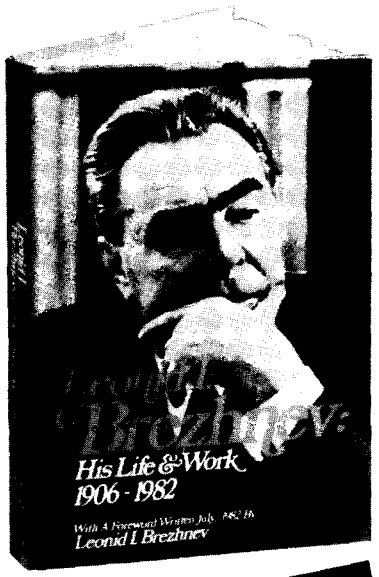

Leonid I. Brezhnev: His Life & Work—1906–1982

With a Foreword Written July, 1982 by Leonid I. Brezhnev
Written under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

"Our globe is the common home of mankind. We want good-neighborly relations to predominate in this home."—L. Brezhnev.

Leonid Brezhnev died on November 10, 1982. This book, in production at that time, contains an unusually outspoken and frank account of his opinions on themes of exceptional interest to the American reader. Its unique concluding section presents his views on nuclear disarmament and his case for the Soviet negotiating stance vis-a-vis the West.

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respond with ready minds of total emptiness, letting the mythic mass speak through them. Thus "Family Feud" is actually a high-speed ritual of absorption, which has its consummation only when five beings demonstrate their own ecstatic averageness. In visual terms, the real reward is not the money, which we never glimpse, nor even Dawson's cardboard token, but the climactic moment when those nameless others pour from the audience onto the stage, creating the illusion of an oceanic merger, as the separated clan now happily dissolves into the gathering flood of erstwhile watchers.

Once we recall its proper meaning, the title too suggests this terminal absorption. A "family feud" is not, in fact, a dispute between two separate houses, but one that divides a *single* family into warring factions. The show's real purpose is to celebrate, not specific households, but the encroaching, all-inclusive tribe of viewers, that unseen mass into which those households long to be reintegrated, nervously competing for acceptance like extruded siblings. In other words, all the families on "Family Feud" appear to be related to each other, seeming fundamentally alike, however various their surnames, hue, or points of origin.

THESE superficial differences mean quite a lot to the show's creators, who consider "Family Feud" a tremendous example of progressive toleration. As the show's producer, Howard Felsher, told me, it is "the only game show to use interracial families," and the only one that features handicapped players (other shows preferring to exclude them, since viewers turn nasty when they see afflicted persons lose). Dawson, furthermore, meticulously kisses every female, "irrespective of age, color, or religion," a practice that inspires "a lot of hate mail."

Even if it does offend a few thousand crackpots, however, all the ostensible diversity of "Family Feud" actually amounts to nothing, because the program's many families are, in fact, impossible to tell apart. Some may be multicolored, another may include a paraplegic, but nearly all are indistinguishably blithe and peppy, displaying exactly the same "good attitude." This is the only quality that counts on "Family Feud," whose process of selection is, therefore, exquisitely exclusive, since it is intended to screen out, not any patent traits, but subtler deficiencies of mood or temper.

Of course, the show's custodians are unconscious of its real exclusiveness. Felsher's paean to the show's warmhearted liberalism was immediately followed, and subverted, by his account of just how few would-be contestants finally ever make it onto "Family Feud." "Within two or three years," he recalled, "we had milked L.A. of the cream of L.A. families," and so they set out to the north and east, in search of further families no less fresh and thick than that original California product. By now the producers have extracted players from every state of the union, and continue to maintain their stores with frequent and expensive junkets all around, inspecting, on each stop, about eight hundred families in four days. All in all, it costs roughly $500,000 per annum "just to keep the show good," that is, to make sure that everyone we watch will seem to certify the program's image of the ideal family. A player might sometimes play a little too intently, but there is never any bickering, no livid disappointment, no angry blame on "Family Feud," whose teams all bounce and clap alike, all cheer each other's errors and successes equally.

The families' apparent sameness must, in part, reflect an actual similarity. For instance, many of the families represent the same vague social stratum. Although we sometimes see a team whose captain is a cabbie, say, or an ophthalmologist, most of the father figures seem to inhabit that gray realm of low-to-middle management wherein Richard Dawson's vest appears to symbolize the highest power. However, the players' sameness may have less to do with any prior class identity than with the implicit pressures of the show itself, which will reward with its exposure only those contestants who can and will behave like grateful employees, or overstimulated children. And yet the presentation is more complicated still, because this TV show does not just fabricate a certain image of the happy norm, but at the same time undercuts that image, in order to enhance the dominance of TV.

For it is basically TV which Dawson stands for, TV that lends him his charisma, charging his outlandish image with its cool power. Although his suit and suntan each evince a different kind of potency, it is TV that makes him seem unassailably superior to his dim, child-like wards. Whereas these indistinct contestants just flash by, tense and squealing, Dawson is a finished man of television, having mastered its style completely in the course of his imperceptible career: after an apprenticeship in British show biz, he became a regular on "Hogan's Heroes," and then a "permanent panelist" on "The Match Game," a frequent guest host on "The Tonight Show," and is now a quintessential TV entity, as smart, detached, and self-contradictory as the medium containing it.

Dawson approaches his provincial visitors exactly as TV regards its viewers. On the face of it, he seems to think the world of his players. He beams and coos all over each bright guest, as if, beneath his smarmy surface, there beats the doting heart of some old grandma. And yet this deft solicitude is not maternal, but commercial, the factitious "caring" of the corporate ad. Like McDonald's, Sears, American Airlines, IBM, etc., Dawson feigns a tender admiration for his subjects that actually belittles them. He always makes a beeline for the youngest or the oldest or the one on crutches, singling out, for his most ardent flatteries, those players who are most helpless. And when the captain describes his dismal job ("Well, Richard, I'm the assistant comptroller of a major hospital supply corporation!"), Dawson marvels politely, as you might treat a nine-year-old who tells you his career plans. Thus, through his pretense of esteem for these figures, Dawson genially exacts their full compliance, getting them to jump around and squeak like tots assaulting Santa Claus at Macy's. Praising Dawson's fulsome tact, Howard Felsher put his finger squarely (if, again, unwittingly) on the crucial contradiction: "Dawson goes to each person, and *talks* to them, and gets to *know* them, and pats them on the *head*, and gives them a *lollipop*. He treats them like *human beings*!"

And Dawson dominates these human beings, not just by patronizing them, but also through the constant threat of his incisive ridicule. His is that televisual sangfroid that we also note in such comedians as, for instance, Johnny Carson, David Letterman, or Martin Mull, and in (again) most TV commercials)—that air of laidback irony against which all enthusiasm seems contemptible. Underlying his displays of maudlin warmth, in other words, there is in

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Richard Dawson a relentless impulse to deride, with true aplomb, whatever is uncool or idiosyncratic, i.e., whatever is outside of, or less cool than, television. Whenever someone gives an odd or idiotic answer, Dawson devastates it swiftly with a murmured gag; and he often breaks into sudden fits of mimicry, putting on a redneck's twang when talking to the Arbs of Arkansas, doing Sessue Hayakawa in his exchanges with the Nakamuras of New York, and so on. Despite his able clucking, we always sense the abler parodist that lurks within; and so, we gather, do the families, who perceive that Dawson could, if he felt like it, utterly humiliate them, and who therefore seek to mollify this witty manager through those ritual gestures of propitiation: they let him kiss their women, and they try to impress their innocence upon him with pathetic tokens of their wholesomeness.

Thus they attempt to win his, and TV's, acceptance, but the attempt must fail, because that joyful norm which they've been made to represent does not exist. The image of community on "Family Feud," and in the sunny worlds of numberless commercials, is merely a device whose function is to make TV seem like our happy home; whereas TV, in fact, only keeps us dispossessed, an extended mob of orphans with our noses pressed against the glass. The families on the screen may seem to have arrived in that bright place which we can only gape at, they may seem to have embodied that ideal which TV disingenuously proffers; and yet all they're really doing is what we do when we sit and watch: trying desperately to keep up with that low "reality" which TV and its sponsors have arranged for us. Although Dawson's questions seem simply to refer, objectively, to our bleak status quo, in fact they reinforce it. Implicitly ruling out the possibility of other ways of life, they require each player to know perfectly the consumer's trivial daily world, and nothing else. The show rewards those who, through their "right" answers, manifest a dumb acceptance of "the way it is"—the daily grind, the flood of products, the names and faces on TV.

Within this exhausting system, it becomes impossible to cling for long to any close community, although we are repeatedly enticed with images of that elusive closeness. It is therefore fitting that this apparent tribute to the family should turn out to be a shattering burlesque, as we discover once we take another look at the explosive opening of "Family Feud." The mock sampler, the mock bluegrass, the mock Victorian mock portrait each suggest TV's familiar attitude of up-to-date contempt for the archaic family, an institution that once seemed to resist the blandishments of TV and its clientele. The opening, moreover, not only jeers at those dated symbols, but visibly subverts them, showing that TV has now replaced those emblems of familial fixity with its own endless, pointless, self-advancing change. The "sampler" slides away, the figures in the "portrait" jump into motion, the "bluegrass music," suggestive of the settled clan, turns into Richard Dawson's cue. Paradoxically, this spectacle itself has now become familiar, although it never can replace that real community which it applauds and cancels out. Absorbed by this off-putting introduction, we watch until the family that cheers together disappears together, and then we stare at something else.

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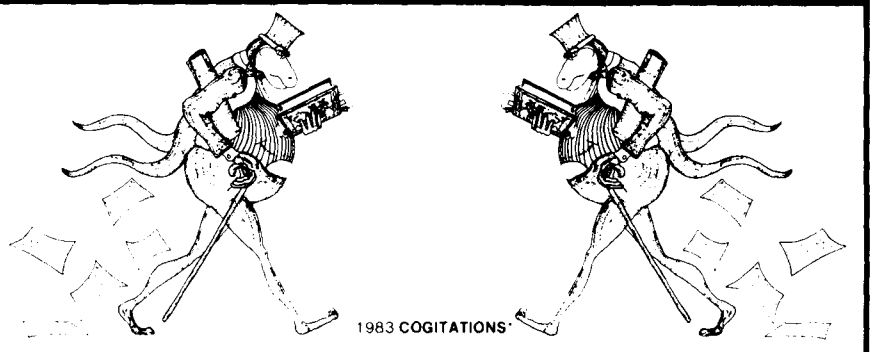

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Joy and madness at the board.

THE ROMANCE OF CHESS

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

"An art appearing in the form of a game" —entry on chess in the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*.

"YOU HAVE, let us say, a promising politician, a rising artist that you wish to destroy. Dagger or bomb are archaic, clumsy, and unreliable—but teach him, inoculate him with chess." Anyone who has ever played chess all night only to curse the sunrise for marking a return to real life, will recognize—and resent—the hint of truth in H. G. Wells's malicious little indictment of chess. Wells went a bit further. For him chess was not just an addiction, its continuing popularity constituted a kind of heresy. "The passion for playing chess is one of the most unaccountable in the world. It slaps the theory of natural selection in the face. It is the most absorbing of occupations, the least satisfying of desires. . . . It annihilates a man." Now, counter-evolutionary is the ultimate epithet in the Wellsian lexicon. Why the animus? I suspect that at an impressionable age he left a rook hanging somewhere, and never quite recovered.

I have been careful to begin this essay on chess with a gratuitous ad hominem, because I want to be true to the spirit of my subject. It is drenched in polemics. It is curious that an activity (you mustn't call it a game unless you are prepared to join the fray on one side of the debate) as silent, cerebral, and apparently neutral as chess should engender such passion. Yet that passion animates not just life at the board, but the life of the mind, i.e. chess literature, that overgrown garden of theory, analysis, speculation, and argument.

To be sure, there are two kinds of chess literature, though most serious players extend diplomatic recognition only to one, the technical literature. And by that they don't just mean *The New York Times* column where one might learn that last fall the Swedish international master Schneider, playing former world champion Tal, overlooked a magnificent queen sacrifice on the 30th move that would have assured him both a win and a place in chess history; that's color. They mean the latest *Shakhmatni Byulleten* (in Russian), *64* (in German), and *Informant* (entirely in symbolic notation—chess's answer to Esperanto), where you must go if you want to learn the latest on, say, the Semi-Slav Defense; that's literature. And it is to be taken seriously, a lesson I learned the hard way. At clubs I used to play the Wilkes-Barre Variation of the Four Knights Defense, a very complicated opening which I had thoroughly studied and in which most opponents tended to get lost. Once, deep into opening play, an opponent (wearing a Chess City T-shirt—that should have tipped me off) sprung on me a move I'd never seen before, and the rest was commentary. When it was over, I looked up from the rubble and asked him about that move. Fixing me with the slightly disapproving look that professionals everywhere reserve for dilettantes, he replied that he had recently written an article proposing it in a Yugoslavian journal.

One would think that the technical literature, a vast labyrinth of mirror and memory, would not be conducive to polemic. Not so. There is much disputation in the corridors. The early Romantic play of dashing combinations and sacrifices fought a losing battle in the late nineteenth century with what is now known as Classical theory, which emphasized position, structure, and a strategy of methodical incrementalism. After World War I, an even more bitter struggle was waged by the Hypermodern revolutionaries who, consciously allying themselves with the avant garde in music and art, challenged every article of the Classical canon, championing flank play over the center, force over mass, indirect control over frontal assault. The Classicists called their moves ugly. The Hypermoderns replied, to quote Breyer's sardonic comment on the most solid, classical, and perhaps perfect opening move, "1. P-K4 [and] White's game is in the last throes." The great Nimzovitch once went many years without talking to the Polish master Przepiorka. At Liège in 1930 Nimzovitch finally broke his silence. Przepiorka asked him what happened. Nimzovitch replied, "I thought you were a member of the Tarrasch school."

Chess, however, has a second literature. The technical literature, elegant and forbidding, asks whether or not to exchange bishop for knight on the fourth move of the Ruy Lopez. The other literature—the moral literature—asks whether it matters. It questions what the technical literature assumes: the value of the entire enterprise. The debate on that question is no less passionate than on the other. Benjamin Franklin, one of the later entrants to the discussion, thought that chess promoted the prudential, utilitarian virtues he treasured. "Several very valuable qualities of mind, useful in the course of human life," he wrote, "are to be acquired and strengthened" by chess, including "foresight," "circumspection," and "caution." Franklin practiced what he preached. While ambassador to France, he was a habitué of the Café de la Régence, where the immortal Philidor played. "I rarely go to the operas at Paris," said Franklin, "I call this my opera." To the opposition, that sounded like pure rationalization. "A foolish expedient for making idle people believe they are doing something very clever, when they are only wasting their time." That's how George Bernard Shaw dispatched chess and its partisans. The most recent response to Shaw was delivered by my friend José Zalaquett, a Chilean human rights lawyer, who, when arrested by the Pinochet regime, was allowed to take three books with him to prison. He chose the Bible, the dialogues of Plato, and the thickest chess book he could find on his shelf. I once asked him about his choices. "I didn't know if I'd be in for a week or a lifetime," he replied, "so I looked for things that would last."

Whom to believe? I am tempted to say that it depends on whether you've ever walked into a chess club in a strange city, played the Yugoslav Attack on the Sicilian Dragon, and won in an avalanche of pawns in the twenty-third move. (Krauthammer—amateur, Washington, 1978; in the very next game, to be sure, she reduced me and my Nimzo-Indian Defense to a fine powder.) If you don't play—and most

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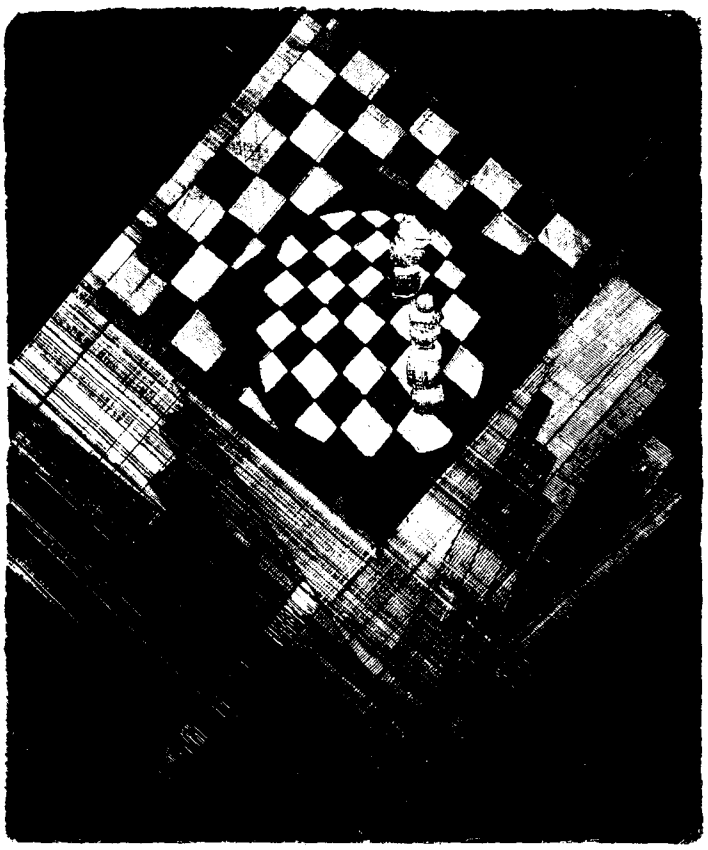
who don't have an opinion anyway—it depends on whom you read. The moral literature on chess is extensive, and its terms keep changing with the times. In Franklin's day the charge was that chess is a vice. The modern charge is that it challenges not virtue but more contemporary ideals: meaning and health. The double indictment against chess is that it is both pointless and an incubator of psychopathology. Empty and crazy. The two charges are interrelated, the existential one being used to explain the psychological one. "A chess genius," writes George Steiner in his incisive and often original *Fields of Force*, "is a human being who focuses vast, little-understood mental gifts and labors on an ultimately trivial human enterprise. Almost inevitably, this focus produces pathological symptoms of nervous stress and unreality."

I don't intend a total defense of chess. I have spent—wasted—too many hours at the board for that. The existential attack, however, strikes me as a feint on the flank that cannot withstand a simple probe or two. The psychological claim seems more menacing and leads to complications. Since both charges shape the modern conception of chess, I propose to examine them both.

Start with the pointlessness. What does it mean? In his classic chess novella, *The Royal Game*, Stefan Zweig describes chess as "thought that leads nowhere, mathematics that add up to nothing, art without an end product, architecture without substance." Without product: at the end of the game the players have nothing to show. Or, as Steiner says, "a radically sterile form of play."

But to indict chess for not producing monuments is to indict all play and many of the arts. To say that all that is left after the curtain falls on a symphony is the memory and the score is to judge music by the most perversely narrow utilitarian standards. It is in the nature of beauty to have no use and few products. Why turn somersaults on a four-inch (not three, not five) balance beam? Because it is difficult and demands perfection of certain human faculties, the exercise and apprehension of which are beautiful. There is no other answer.

The more subtle version of the existential charge is that chess shares a *special* pointlessness with those other totally abstract arts: music and (pure) mathematics. It has long been noted that these three activities—uniquely—are able to produce the truly original child prodigy. They can be mastered by someone innocent of experience because they are outside of language, indeed their terms are utterly without referent in reality. Consequently, the kinds of problems they generate are so radically abstract, so endlessly regressive, and ultimately so arbitrary and unreal, that they possess only illusory, what Steiner calls "trivial," depth.



'CHESS BOARD' (1920), ETCHING BY JACQUES VILLON
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Scientists usually reserve the term "trivial" for those questions that have self-evidently simple answers. Here the charge is the opposite: they are too deep, too complex, too infinite, too self-referential. His own logic requires Steiner to indict not only chess but music (he does: "Though most of us would abhor the suggestion, this 'nonsignificance' may extend even to music") and mathematics (he doesn't). Thus the analysis breaks down at its conclusion: it is true that chess, like mathematics and music, is characterized by a bottomless and regressive abstractness, but that does not make for pointlessness. It does make for vertigo. And that brings us to the second charge, because vertigo is a perfectly adequate route to madness.

Madness is the great theme of chess literature and vertigo the great metaphor. In Nabokov's novel, *The Defense*, the chess master Luzhin plays a climactic game with his arch-rival Turati, during which Luzhin suddenly apprehends "something unbearably awesome, the full horror and abysmal depths of chess"—into which he falls, and goes mad. Of course, Luzhin is no paradigm of mental health to begin with; he is the prototype, and now the stereotype, of the autistic, inept genius. It is Zweig who pushes the vertiginous powers of chess to the extreme. *The Royal Game* has a Luzhin, too—Mirko Czentovic, the ignorant, illiterate, uncouth, almost aphasic Yugoslavian peasant, now (naturally) world champion. But Zweig doesn't drive him mad because he believes that Czentovic's atrophied mind, where only a stolid chess center survives, is incapable of such an exquisite fate. In *The Royal Game* it is the normal man, the man of culture, who is conquered by chess. Zweig's hero, Dr. B., is a Viennese intellectual imprisoned by the Gestapo in the most horrible sensory deprivation. He manages to steal a book, which turns out to contain only chess master games. Forced into the terrible mirror world of pure and endless reason that is chess, Dr. B., like Luzhin, falls into the void and awakes in the hospital.

A reader who relied solely on Nabokov and Zweig might conclude that chess sets should carry a warning label from the surgeon general. Which is what makes the most recent piece of first-rate chess fiction, Walter Tevis's *The Queen's Gambit*, such a refreshing

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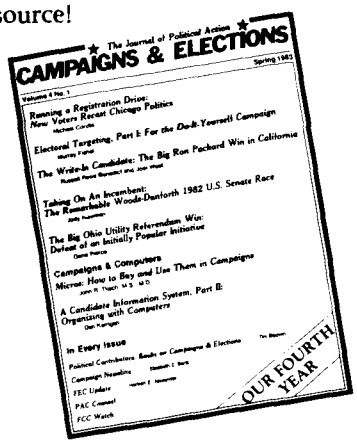

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dissent. Tevis, a gifted storyteller who understands the fascination of play (his first novel, *The Hustler*, is about a pool shark), has produced a taut narrative of tournament life, not a study of the boundary between genius and madness. Alone among chess novels, *The Queen's Gambit* is not a tragedy nor is its hero (in this case, heroine: the young Beth Harmon who learns the game in the basement of her orphanage and rises to the world championship) an object of pity. She is a sympathetic character; *patzers* of the world may even envy her. And most interesting, she doesn't go mad. Quite the contrary. Emanuel Lasker once said that "on the chessboard lies and hypocrisy do not survive long." Harmon finds comfort in that kind of truth; it proves her salvation. Others, like Dr. B., feel only its mercilessness, and it proves their undoing.

Tevis's novel is valuable not just because it brilliantly evokes the rhythms of the game, but because it reminds us that on the question of the psychopathology of chess there are no pat answers. Regarding the move from clarity to madness, Tevis provides annotation that is not a refutation of Nabokov and Zweig, but an alternate line of analysis.

There is yet another line of analysis, however, that prizes patness. It is the view of "the Viennese delegation" that the "chess player sees Mom in his Queen and Pop in his opponent's King" to use Nabokov's unkind—and accurate—formulation. The most recent epic of this genre is Alexander Cockburn's *Idle Passion: Chess and the Dance of Death* which, like Steiner's book, was provoked by the Fischer-Spassky match. Cockburn appears to have discovered the existence of Sigmund Freud and Bobby Fischer at about the same time. The result is a hilariously reductionist interpretation of chess, based on excruciatingly reverent quotes from two previous speculations, one by psychoanalyst Ernest Jones and the other by grandmaster and psychoanalyst Reuben Fine. Cockburn swallows everything whole. He relies on Jones to inform us that "the unconscious motive activating the players is . . . father murder," which accounts for the game's "anal-sadistic" features, and on Fine to inform us that the king "stands for the boy's penis in the phallic stage, and hence rearouses the castration anxiety characteristic of that period." Which explains, among other things, chess etiquette, like the "taboo" (i.e. rule) against touching the opponent's pieces, or one's own pieces except for the purpose of making a move. "It is 'explaining' or dismissing two suspicions," writes Cockburn relying on Fine, "that the player is masturbating, by touching his piece; or making a homosexual overture, by proposing physical contact between the players, or mutual masturbation." That's the sophisticated analysis. Cockburn uses these tools to go further, to probe the character of former world champions, particularly those whose reputations for emotional equilibrium tend to defy Freudian theory. Of Lasker he notes: "The two opening variations that bear his name involve an early exchange of queens—that is, to clarify the situation (his constant ambition in chess), he gets rid of women." On Capablanca: "[O]ne can see evidence for [his] narcissism and oral fixation (his keenness on cooking)." On Spassky: "He displays enthusiasm for the writings of Dostoevsky, which is not usually a passion for anyone with a perfectly balanced psyche." Psychohistory, apparently, fares no better at the chessboard than elsewhere.

And leaves us still with the question: what is the connection between chess and madness? That there is such a connection there is little doubt. It is not just a literary creation. (Though writers have long had fun with the idea: Stephen Leacock could not resist saying of his Dr. Allard, head of the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, "He goes back and forth between [the chess club] and the asylum. He says he is making comparative studies.") There is Fischer, who once said "chess is life," and at the peak of his powers recoiled from both, disappeared into a fundamentalist religious sect, and has not played a single game of chess that we know of since. There is Morphy, the only other American champion, whose genius, paranoia, and renunciation of chess anticipated Fischer by a century. There is Steinitz, who claimed to have played God at pawn odds and won. (Unfortunately,

COMING:
Alfred Kazin on the Adams Dynasty.

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he left no record of the game.) And there is Alekhine, who probably was enjoying one of his more lucid moments when he declared to the Polish border police, who stopped him because he didn't have any papers: "I am Alekhine, chess champion of the world. This is my cat. Her name is Chess. I need no passport."

There is something mysterious about the psychopathology of genius, and it is the creators of Luzhin, Czentovic, and Dr. B. who have done the most to illuminate the problem. Most people imagine that what distinguishes the great chess player is his capacity for mechanical combination. But he plays the game at an entirely different level. Nabokov, a fine player and a renowned composer of chess problems, chose another metaphor. His Luzhin felt each square "occupied by a definite, concentrated force," and "envisioned the movement of a piece as a discharge, a shock, a stroke of lightning . . . the whole chess field quivered with tension, and over this tension he was sovereign, here gathering in and there releasing electric power." Luzhin preferred to play with his eyes closed. That way he

> did not have to deal with visible, audible, palpable pieces whose quaint shape and wooden materiality always disturbed him and always seemed to him but the crude, mortal shell of exquisite, invisible chess forces. When playing blind he was able to sense these diverse forces in their original purity.

The amateur sees pieces and movement; the expert, additionally, sees sixty-four squares with holes and lines and spheres of influence; the genius apprehends a unified field within which space and force and mass are interacting valences—a bishop tears the board in half and a pawn bends the space around it the way mass can reshape space in the Einsteinian universe. To enter this fearsome universe one blinds oneself, so the pieces may evaporate and be replaced by whorls of energy and space.

And there lies danger. Tarrasch once said that "chess, like love, like music, has the power to make men happy." That is only half the story. The Luzhins, fictional and real, transfixed by the beauty of the game, are drawn into its vertiginous depths, where another fate awaits them. The rest of us are safe, however. We will never see that far. For me that is a source of reassurance, and some regret.

Three from Brecht

Bertolt Brecht
Short Stories
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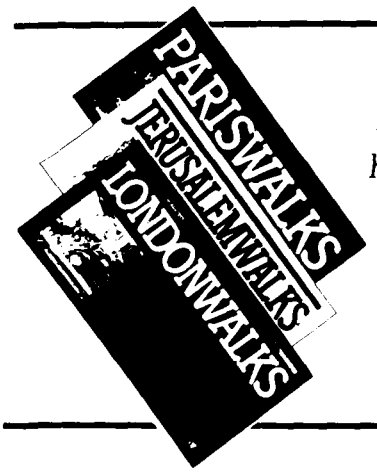

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THE COMPROMISER

Booker T. Washington: The Wizard of Tuskegee, 1901-1915 by Louis R. Harlan

(Oxford University Press, 548 pp., $30)

The central focus of this incisive political and personal biography of Booker Taliaferro Washington, the last major black leader born in slavery, is "the sources, nature, uses and consequences" of his remarkable power. The central question is the effectiveness of his accommodationist policies.

Washington's Atlanta Compromise speech of 1895 catapulted him to fame during the darkest days for American blacks since before the Civil War. Throughout the South, violence or the threat of violence was the ultimate means of race control. From 1889 to 1918 more than twenty-four hundred Negroes were hanged or burned at the stake, some for "boastful remarks," "insulting a white man," or seeking employment "out of place." (There were also cases of "mistaken" identity.) In Mississippi and Alabama especially, but in other states as well, the convict-lease system had degenerated into a form of court-sanctioned peonage. More than half the standard occupations were closed to blacks in many areas. As late as 1900, thirty-seven years after the Emancipation Proclamation, 44.5 percent of all Negroes were still illiterate; and though the Supreme Court had enunciated the "separate but equal" doctrine in a railroad case in 1896, only the "separate" part was applied to education during Washington's lifetime. In 1915, the year of his death, South Carolina was spending one-twelfth as much on each black child as on each white child. The following year exactly 19 black youths were enrolled in public high schools in North Carolina, 310 in all of Georgia. Nor did political action promise relief. Beginning with Mississippi in 1890, every Southern state except Kentucky and Tennessee had disfranchised the vast majority of its blacks by 1907.

Conditions were only marginally better in the North, where racist theory infused the minds of educated and uneducated alike. (In 1906, as a guest at Tuskegee, William Howard Taft solemnly pronounced Negroes "a people not fit to enjoy or maintain the higher education.") Lynchings were comparatively infrequent, but it was a rare black male who failed to sense the hostility of the urban police. Most Democratic politicians had little interest in the well-being of Negroes, and few Republicans besides the inheritors of the abolitionist mantle cared more than to keep them loyal to "The Party of Lincoln." Even much of the Socialist Party leadership was avowedly racist. More important in the long run, all but a few labor unions excluded blacks from membership, and hence from the skilled trades.

Over this grim landscape loomed the specter of a creeping Malthusian crisis. From 1870 to 1930 the land devoted to agriculture in the Southeast contracted, the yield of cotton and tobacco per acre remained stationary, and the number of farm workers almost doubled. Concurrently, as Brinley Thomas's *Migration and Economic Growth* notes in a chapter whose cold statistics cut to the core of the human tragedy, the massive immigration of white Europeans to the North effectively confined blacks to the South. Only malnutrition, fetal deaths, and susceptibility to disease prevented the population of Southeastern blacks from rising explosively, and only the temporary cessation of immigration during World War I compelled Northern employers to hire them in numbers sufficient to stay the gathering crisis.

The bright spots were few. Between the turn of the century and the beginning of the war, illiteracy fell to about 30 percent, and the number of black businesses rose from twenty thousand to forty thousand. Located mainly in Southern cities and serving a predominantly black clientele, these new enterprises seemed to affirm the self-help emphasis of Washington's National Negro Business League. And so, for a few years, did agricultural trends appear to justify his rural work ethic. From 1880 to 1900 black farm ownership increased from 19.6 to 25.4 percent while sharecropping, a far more invidious system than cash rental, declined from

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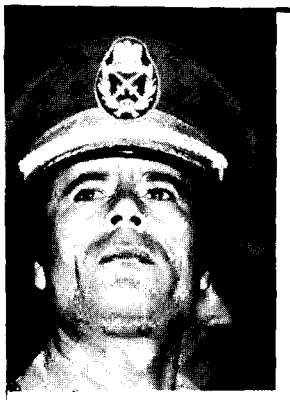
54.4 to 37.9 percent. By 1910, however, the advance of the boll weevil into the Southeast had begun to reverse both movements.

Washington had made his Atlanta Compromise speech in sharp perception of much of this. To an audience of civic leaders who well knew that the Southeast's per capita income was one-third of the Northeast's, he argued that Northern capitalists be encouraged to invest in Southern industry. He further urged that Negroes, more than 90 percent of whom lived in the South at the time, be allowed to share in the economic gains. In return, they would acquiesce, at least temporarily, in partial disfranchisement and a measure of segregation. "In all things that are purely social," he explained, "we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

From then until 1915 Washington was commonly recognized as the spokesman of his race. Industrious and achieving, yet moderate and deferential, he played his role close to perfection—from the perspective of whites. He presided graciously over a kind of national showplace at Tuskegee. He published a best-selling autobiography, *Up from Slavery*. He dined with the Roosevelts at the White House (once) and was honored by audiences with Queen Victoria and with the King and Queen of Denmark. He consorted with Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller Jr., and other sophisticated conservative philanthropists. He also advised Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft on the appointment of blacks to minor offices.

Yet Washington did not lead a united people. The black masses revered him, most educators accepted his leadership, and the vast majority of Negro editors and publishers supported him personally. But a militant minority exemplified by the brilliant scholar William E. B. Du Bois fought him bitterly. As *The Nation*, then published by the grandson of the fiery abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, explained on Washington's death, he had failed "to speak out on the things which the intellectual men of the race deemed of far greater moment than bricks and mortar, industrial education, or business leagues—the matter of their social and political liberties."

The militant intellectuals refused to march to Washington's muted trumpet



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for other reasons as well. Born after Emancipation and educated mainly in the North, they neither sympathized with his "peasant conservatism" nor understood all the nuances of the repressive system under which Southern blacks lived and labored. But they did perceive the Wizard of Tuskegee as the ruthless manipulator and imperious power broker who is relentlessly depicted in these pages. When, for example, the Boston editor and Harvard graduate William Monroe Trotter interrupted a 1903 speech by shouting, "Is the rope and torch all the race is to get under your leadership?" Washington condoned riot charges that sent Trotter to jail for thirty days. In numerous other indictments he or his spies censored black newspapers, hounded editors out of their jobs, and forced opposition papers to cease publication. He also interposed a subtle veto over Du Bois's appointment to a professorship at Howard.

These and similar tensions give this book much of its sustaining force. Louis R. Harlan, who is professor of history at the University of Maryland, brings impressive credentials to his task. Liberal son of Mississippi, graduate of Emory and The Johns Hopkins University, and editor of the thirteen-volume *Booker T. Washington Papers*, he is an impeccable scholar. He is also an uncompromising proponent of civil rights. An earlier book, *Separate But Unequal*, convincingly analyzed the impact of racism on black school appropriations during the Progressive Era. The first volume of this biography, published in 1972 under the subtitle *The Making of a Black Leader, 1856-1901*, deservedly won the Bancroft Prize.

That volume probed Washington's obscure origins in western Virginia, destroyed the myths he and his associates had spun into his autobiographical writings, and brilliantly reconstructed Washington's many-sided personality, including its underside. Its painstaking and penetrating account of the creation of "The Tuskegee Machine" also foreshadowed the main themes of this volume: Washington as political boss and, in time of social crisis, supine accommodationist.

One of the few reviewers of the first volume to challenge Harlan's criticism of Washington for putting "his faith not in equality and democracy but in leadership and discipline" was the Marxist historian Eugene V. Genovese. In fact, Genovese argued in *The National Review*, Washington's methods and goals reflected a profound knowledge of his people and their condition:

> The black masses, battered by violence, demoralized by the abandonment of their white allies and the dashing of their post-Emancipation hopes for equality . . . simply lacked the resources to throw up a leadership that could survive in the face of white hostility. . . . Washington, as a transitional leader, did all he or any alternative black leader could have done. He held his people together, defended their honor, rekindled their pride in being black, and bided his time. Unheroic. But necessary.

Now, eleven years later, Harlan believes no less firmly than before that Washington was a flawed and anachronistic leader. This time, however, his case is considerably more compelling.

FREEZE FRAME

In hammering summer sun, in paralyzed air,
I fished a small brook that fell between
two great boulders, so cool it seemed
a great cave of trees, the water clear
and absolute: each minnow, each pebble
hung in that green generous light
as if the water were a current of air,
a perfect clarity to see the trout
pause, then rise to my fly in a flash of trust,
bolt and stop in that blessing of sight.

And afterward, on the deck in full sun,
the seven mountains that I built it for
standing guard against the worst our rough
continent beyond could roll at us,
I sat naked and alert in that heat.
And the iced coffee in my hand stopped, the hand
no longer mine as it raised the glass
forever to some mouth, the ice in it
an iceberg and a spot of light crossing
the dark North Atlantic, steady in storms,

down to the warm seas. I could see
it gain and lose again its yearly flocks
of migratory birds, each bird
ragged and raucous, fishing that sea—
the plankton that surrounded it in passage—
as it shrank in the omnivorous bleak green
and touched the lip at last, the cool throat,
where the reel stopped and the single frame
in perfect clarity held, fixing me
in my own sight in that unmoving air.

The glass rested against the durable teeth
in that skull and I entered the air and water
that surrounded and filled its rigid smile,
and was the eye that saw everything suspend
there with no mouth to shout or arms to strike
out in fear. My daughter called. I answered.
A stray leaf continued to flutter down to the deck
and I regained my mouth, my hand, my own
nearsighted eyes. I will need them all to recompose
into level measure the world that stopped.

BARRY GOLDENSOHN

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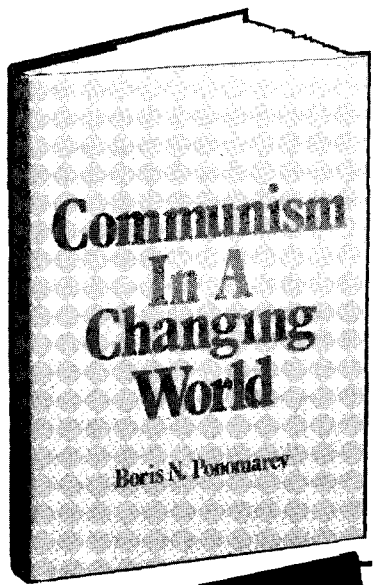
Scrupulous biographer that he is, he dutifully recounts Washington's achievements at Tuskegee, though usually with an underlying sense of their ultimate futility. He reports that an Illinois normal school professor found the correlation of industrial and academic work the best he had ever observed. And he describes in some detail the school's outreach programs—its agricultural demonstration wagon, its emphasis on crop diversification, its prescient focus on health and hygiene, its purchase of land for resale on long terms, its effort, in fine, "to make of Tuskegee Institute a mighty engine of black self-help."

Harlan further shows that Washington's educational concerns transcended Tuskegee. Painfully conscious of the need to upgrade black teachers, Washington strove forcefully to induce the Rockefeller-financed Southern Education Board to allocate some of its funds to Negro public education. That failing, he prevailed on the Philadelphia Quaker Anna Jeanes, the merchant prince Julius Rosenwald, and the financial buccaneer H. H. Rogers to contribute liberal sums. Harlan also refutes the charge that Washington had no interest in higher education. As he reports in a flush of near-enthusiasm, Washington encouraged bright graduates of Tuskegee to attend college, employed more men and women with degrees than did any Negro college, served on the board of Howard and his alma mater Fisk, and persuaded his philanthropist friends to make substantial gifts to other black colleges.

Nonetheless, Harlan remains largely unsympathetic to Washington and his program. His treatment of Washington's commitment to self-help and self-improvement borders on patronizing. He allows his liberal values to preclude full explication of Washington's hostility to unions and immigrants. (The Papers show, among other things, that Washington feared that planters would replace black workers with Italians, as they did in a few instances.) He downgrades, without analyzing, the southern industrialization movement. (Washington believed, perhaps mistakenly but surely not irrationally, that literacy and industrial education would prepare blacks for entry-level jobs such as formed the base for the later "ethnic miracle" in the North.) Only rarely does Harlan entertain an ambivalent note. He quotes Howard's Dean Kelly Miller as remarking that "the Tuskegee idea alone cannot solve the race problem, and . . . the race problem cannot be solved without the Tuskegee idea." And he reluctantly concedes that Washington was not wholly wrong, "for Reconstruction experience had shown . . . that the power to vote could not be sustained by an impoverished and uneducated people." But his general tone, neutral enough on the surface, is more negative than positive beneath it.

It is negative partly because Harlan is repelled by Washington's "duplicity" and "mendacity": it is hard to like a man who has no moral center. But it is negative mainly because Harlan believes that Washington's acceptance of "the structural framework that stultified blacks' efforts at progress" made failure inevitable. Thus, at a time when the nation's collective conscience was bursting on virtually every social issue from the exploitation of labor to suffrage for women, Washington refused to invoke openly his goodwill among whites on behalf of the most oppressed group of all: his own people.

With wonted deviousness in 1905, Washington fought the Niagara Movement, a civil rights organization formed by Du Bois to counter the impression that "the Negro-American assents to inferiority, is submissive under oppression and apologetic before insult." Then, in 1906, he twice bypassed op-



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portunities to assume moral leadership of black America and, in a sense, all America. First, he failed to call on Roosevelt to intervene in a race riot in Atlanta that cost ten Negroes their lives. Second, he refused to speak out against the most blatantly anti-Negro action of Roosevelt's Presidency—the discharge without trial of three companies of black soldiers for "conspiring" to withhold the identity of comrades who purportedly participated in a shoot-out at Brownsville, Texas. (Sixty years later a historian concluded that no black had been involved.) As *The Literary Digest* reported at the time under the subhead, "An Executive Lynching," even much of the Southern press denounced Roosevelt's action. Nonetheless, Washington maintained silence, ostensibly because T.R. had favored blacks "in nine cases out of ten" but really because he wanted to protect his patronage lines. Almost nothing, it seemed, could move him to "righteous public anger against injustice."

Assuredly, the Tuskegeean continued to foster black interests behind the scenes. He secretly financed legal challenges to disfranchisement, to peonage, and to segregation on railroads. He also edited—a little for the better—Roosevelt's "on the one hand, on the other hand" indictment of lynching in 1906. But even as the patronage declined to a trickle under Taft and an early practice of segregating government employees in certain departments became settled practice under Wilson, he held his tongue. Told by Oswald Garrison Villard that "your timidity is running away with you," Washington did send a representative to the N.A.A.C.P.-sponsored Association of Negro Industrial and Secondary Schools. He also bestowed a passing blessing on the Urban League and sharpened his comments on racial injustice near the end of his life. But he never warmed to the civil rights-oriented program of Du Bois and the N.A.A.C.P. As Harlan concludes, he was at the end what he had been at the beginning:

> a Southern-based political boss of a people still overwhelmingly Southern and rural, ever conscious of the demands made upon him and other blacks by the white South that surrounded them, and willing to render unto Caesar that which was Caesar's, so long as blacks could bargain for economic and educational opportunity and the means of self-improvement.

For all this book's monumental quality, Harlan's decision to concentrate on the use and abuse of power leaves it somewhat wanting in social and economic context. As he notes in the preface, the reader concerned with Washington's place in the history of education must still consult the Papers. And as he virtually suggests, the reader interested in the intellectual complexities of the conflict between Washington and his critics—a conflict fueled more by differences in tactics and priorities than in basic philosophy—must also turn elsewhere, notably to the richly textured chapters in August Meier's *Negro Thought in America 1880-1915*.

Changed values and altered perceptions may someday produce a more morally ambiguous assessment of Washington's leadership. It is unlikely, however, that future historians will challenge Harlan's contention that he failed to fulfill his trust to the utmost during his later years. It is even more unlikely that anyone will ever attempt to recreate Washington's life on this scale. In clarity, command of detail, and fidelity to the record, this is the work of a master.

WILLIAM H. HARBAUGH

William H. Harbaugh, who teaches at the University of Virginia, is the author of biographies of Theodore Roosevelt and John W. Davis.

STEAM BATH

The Philosopher's Pupil by Iris Murdoch

(Viking, 576 pp., $17.75)

The plot of an Iris Murdoch novel can be a dangerous quicksand, lying in wait for the unwary reviewer. All we can try for is a signpost or two to keep the reader on dry land. The main pathways lead us to John Robert Rozanov, a famous philosopher, his granddaughter Hattie, and her companion Pearl. Their lives intersect with those of the McCaffrey family—mother Alex, her two sons, George and Brian, and their much younger half-brother Tom.

The main connections: in his youth George was a passionate pupil of John Robert; Alex believes she was once in love with JR; Tom's romantic attention is directed toward Hattie by JR; Pearl is a cousin of Alex's maid Ruby—both are gypsies. The kaleidoscope of relationships and the almost sinister influence of John Robert dominate the action. All these currents are crossing in the small English town of Ennistone, famous for its hot springs. . . . Enough, you say.

Enough indeed. Intricacies of plotting are Murdoch's stock-in-trade. In *The Philosopher's Pupil* she is particularly merciless. Grabbing her readers by the hair, she drags them off into the shifting sands of plot and subplot. Having grasped the rudiments of the plot, the reader is then graduated to wondering about the symbolism of it all.

One symbol is impossible to miss with all its connotations of baptism, death, and rebirth: water and its handmaiden, drowning. Murdochians will greet watery ends as old friends, although here her people—and a dog—are willed to drown, but don't. The harsh Murdoch vision has softened a trifle, it seems.

George McCaffrey, the obsessive and erratic "pupil," pushes a car into the canal (with his wife Stella inside); a small dog called Zed, a beguiling spirit endowed with a most profound view of life, almost drowns but is rescued by—that very same George. Temporarily redeemed, George nevertheless goes on to attempt to drown none other than John Robert Rozanov—in his bathtub.

The aforementioned bath is, of course, no ordinary white porcelain receptacle, but a private bath at The Institute, the center of the hot spring industry. "The baths themselves (black), sunk into the floor and shaped like boats with blunt ends, were large enough and deep enough for a swimmer to take two or three strokes. Only the big goldeny Edwardian brass taps were reminiscent of a more traditional taste." The steamy gushing energy of the baths is the novel's eerie centerpiece, a kind of damp inferno that

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draws the characters together. We find almost all our protagonists there, half-naked and shivering in the chill winter air or lobster pink from steam holes known as "the stews." We're already waist deep in symbols without a mention of religion or a hint of flying saucers (there really *is* a flying saucer).

If an ironic tone creeps into this description, it is as self-defense against the ceaseless battering of symbols and patterns. The British critic Rosemary Dinnage once wrote of Murdoch's novels: "The real trouble is in the lack of fit between theory and story, formality and naturalism, and a Murdoch novel stands or falls by the extent to which this is overcome." There is a lack of fit in *The Philosopher's Pupil*. It's too long and too self-indulgent. Theory is gaining the upper hand here, although naturalism is putting up a good fight. One does not lay such charges lightly against one of our most accomplished practitioners of fiction, but when John Robert Rozanov and Father Bernard (the local Episcopal priest) set off on both a long walk and a long philosophical dialogue, the father is not the only one to drag his feet. We are forced to listen to exchanges like this one:

> "Is morality a mistake then?"
> "A phenomenon."
> "I think you are being—shall we say—insincere."
> "Insincere. Good. Go on."

And they do, for pages, none of which really convinces us that John Robert is such a great philosopher, even if he can disturb the faith of an already wavering priest.

Length is a correctible flaw, though one can imagine few editors with the presence to take on Ms. Murdoch. Another problem permeates *The Philosopher's Pupil*. John Robert Rozanov is the "genius" of the novel in more ways than one. His thought and his person touch every twist of the plot. Half-a-dozen women worship him with emotions ranging from the romantic to the incestuous. He has changed the course of George McCaffrey's life by discouraging him from his philosophic studies, he irrevocably reroutes Tom McCaffrey's destiny through his attempts to manipulate his own obsession with his granddaughter. But he appears neither lovable nor profound. We come upon him sleeping: "He had left his teeth in, and his mouth and chin had not collapsed, but his sleeping face looked . . . huge and senseless, a pile of flabby layers of soft folded skin, pitted and porous. . . . " Not exactly your run-of-the-mill romantic hero! His private meditations are tedious: "unless one is a genius, philosophy is a mug's game." (No wonder Iris Murdoch turned to fiction.) Nothing said about John Robert's internationally acclaimed work carries conviction. So, we have a keystone that will not support the weight of the novel—theory here has triumphed over naturalism. Murdoch remarked of a less than successful character in *Henry and Cato*, "I feel if I could have made him a more sympathetic character without being in any way sentimental about him it might have been a better book." Philosopher John Robert needed more of her attention and her affection. The Murdoch faithful will probably have little trouble suspending disbelief—the strength of Murdoch's foundation, built up in twenty-two novels, will carry them through—but the neophyte is likely to feel the philosopher has feet of clay.

The Philosopher's Pupil, obviously, is a mixed blessing, a rambling, overdrawn ragbag of Murdoch scraps, giving a sense of an author who feels her readership is secure and will indulge her to any length. And who is to say she is not right? When all is said and done, the patterns deciphered, the connections made, the symbols diagrammed, Iris Murdoch writes novels of a courageous breadth and depth that have no peer. The mass of her work is a real presence in the lives of those who read her. She has built her literary house of bricks, and huff and puff as we may, no critic can blow it down.

BRIGITTE WEEKS

Brigitte Weeks is the editor of *The Washington Post Book World*.

MUGG AT 80

Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge edited by John Bright-Holmes

(Morrow, 542 pp., $18)

Malcolm Muggeridge is now eighty. He has been writing steadily for more than fifty years, yet Americans have become accustomed to his name only during the last fifteen years or so. He could be seen and heard on television. His book column was printed regularly in *Esquire* in the 1960s, his articles appeared less regularly but frequently in the *National Review* and in *The American Spectator* in the 1970s. Increasing numbers of people read his books. The two volumes of his autobiography were received with a perplexed kind of respect even by people who dislike Muggeridge's ideas but who could not deny the excellence of his descriptive powers and of his style. But the second volume of his autobiography ends with 1945, nearly forty years ago, and before Muggeridge's literary fame and influence began to blossom. Instead of a third volume, he chose to publish extracts from his diaries. In his introduction he says that he had kept diaries

> in a desultory way, with long gaps and abortive fits and starts. I was surprised and somewhat disconcerted to find that even so they amount, in all, to something like three-quarters of a million words, covering the years from 1924 . . . up to comparatively recent times.

This selection, chosen and edited by John Bright-Holmes, is but a fraction of these diaries. The last entry is from 1962. The reviewer in *The New York Times Book Review* wrote that this book is a "scraping of the barrel." The very opposite is true. It is a reluctant selection, a dipping from a barrelful. Muggeridge's reluctance to write about his life of the last twenty or thirty years, the very period when he became a well-known personality, is now obvious; the reasons thereof are not.

There is an interesting contrast between these diaries and the two volumes of Muggeridge's autobiography. The latter is really a kind of auto-history: Muggeridge as a participant observer of many people and many things, and only here and there of himself. The autobiography is, thus, not particularly self-centered; the rumina-

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tions of the diary are. This is the opposite of someone like Harold Nicolson whose diaries say (and reveal) little about himself, while they are a valuable record of English political and social life in his time. Another contrast is Waugh, whose diaries are much less interesting (and revealing) than are his letters—one (but only one) reason being that Waugh wrote his diary in the evening when he was often drunk while he wrote his letters in the morning when he was sober; the other, more important, reason being that Waugh, unlike Muggeridge, was in reality a very worldly man, all of his professed religiosity notwithstanding.

The literary quality of these diaries is considerable; they are readable and funny and idiosyncratic, combining the best qualities of modern English diary-writing. Yet the selection gives an impression of skimpiness. The principles of the choice of entries often make little sense. Here is the entire entry for February 11, 1954: "Protest letters about Churchill cartoon still pouring in." (Muggeridge, then the editor of *Punch*, had commissioned and printed a cartoon showing Churchill as a blind old man.) Surely there must have been more interesting entries within the more than half-million words left out. Many of the entries are a splendid mix of speed and rumination, the creations of a mind that is quick as well as thoughtful. Here is a sample of Muggeridge's economy, the entry for January 23, 1954, four funny matters related in less than 150 words:

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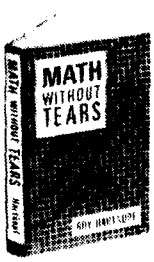

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> Robin Mount, brother-in-law of Tony Powell, arrived for week-end. Full of intelligent observations—e.g. after bawling at deaf aunt, that one gets angry because one shouts, not vice versa. He and I went to see ancient silent film *Battleship Potemkin* directed by Eisenstein. Not much good, rather to my relief; sentimental. Imagine it couldn't be shown in Russia now because bad for naval discipline. Crowd scenes good. Robin amused us greatly by account of Siegfried Sassoon, who told Robin that, one evening, following his cook, he'd found she'd gone into various hutments with tape measure to measure organs of inmates. As Robin said, episode gave one a remarkable insight into Sassoon's own idea of how to spend an evening.
>
> John Fernald, theatrical producer, looked in later. Learnt from him that *The Boy Friend* put on against pansy opposition. According to him, first successful Resistance operation for a long time.

There is little in the diaries that suggests that they were written for effect or with posterity in mind.

Those who are interested in Muggeridge (there are many people, in England as well as in America, who irresolutely refuse to read him) will find an important confirmation in these diaries of something that the autobiography has merely suggested: that the Christian Muggeridge was there from the beginning, that his conversion was not a happening of the 1960s when, as many think, he chose to begin yet another phase of his maverick public career. This is a fragmentary record of a tortured Christian, of a man who throughout his life attempted to suppress his inclinations for lust and for power. (He cared less for drink and even less for food.) He is a man thoroughly aware of the futility of earthly success, and of the corruptions of the spirit even more than of the corruptions of the flesh. Probably some of this has been due to an evangelical nonconformist strain that Muggeridge inherited and imbibed in his childhood—the very thing that makes him often less respected in England where they recognize such a strain than in America where they do not. But Muggeridge will not hide his prejudices, which is one of the best things in these diaries, a condition that reminds me of a statement that I found in one of Tocqueville's letters many years ago:

> To run counter to a common opinion because we believe it to be false is noble and virtuous; but to despise a prejudice merely because it is inconvenient to ourselves is nearly as dangerous to morality as to abandon a true principle for the same reason.

One of the odd things in this diary is Muggeridge's unabated concern with Communism. He and his wife went to Russia from a gray, run-down Britain in 1931 with wide open eyes, ready to believe; fortunately he knew how to use his eyes and adjusted his beliefs accordingly, unlike many other intellectuals who are accustomed to doing the reverse. His descriptions of Moscow, of Russia, of the Bolshevik functionaries, of their mentality, remain classic to this day. What is odd, however, is Muggeridge's continued concern with Communism, his willingness to support almost any anti-Communist cause, springing from his belief that it is Communism that is the deadly enemy of what remains of our civilization—in strange contradiction with his accurate vision of this civilization to the effect that its enemies are not without but within. Fifty years ago Muggeridge recognized that Communists were even more corrupt than brutal. Why then does he, an often unerring diagnostician of all kinds of human weaknesses, fail to recognize that the ideology of Communism is outdated, antiquated, corrupt, a Wasm rather than an Ism?

ONE POSSIBLE answer to this inconsistency is the curiously unhistorical nature of Muggeridge's vision of the world. This is strange. Here is a man who is thoroughly knowledgeable of a great cultural tradition (his references to Shakespeare, Cervantes, Pascal in these diaries are often wonderfully fresh and illuminating); yet one has the sense that at least in one important respect Muggeridge is the quintessential journalist, interested in the present, not in the past. He thinks Western civilization is dying; but I have the strong feeling that, had he lived centuries ago, he would have written as scathingly of the character failures of Wellington or Pitt or Jefferson as he does of Churchill or Eden or Kennedy. He *is* a good judge of character: better than Nicolson, than Waugh, than his friend Anthony Powell. But what history gives a mind, at best, is not a mere dose of relativism; it gives us certain standards, the power to contrast, and the right to estimate. And Muggeridge is not interested in the past, only in his own times—but of course in a very different way from the

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way in which shortsighted journalists and ephemeral presentists are interested in it: Muggeridge is interested in the present that leads us toward the future, to the life to come that will liberate our flesh from the burdens and from the sins of life on earth. This eschatological and teleological vision is essential in Malcolm Muggeridge's thought.

He is of two minds about America. He goes to a bank in New York, "First Church of Christ Capitalist. Somehow I think this whole show is a fraud, in its own way as total and grand as Moscow." Yet he accepts the support of, and gives generously of his time to American conservatives, such as Bill Buckley and Bob Tyrrell. (The same kind of duality was there in Waugh.) This is a peculiar thing: he is a patron saint of American conservatives, whereas conservatives in England tend to abhor him as much as does the English left (didn't he say to Buckley about Margaret Thatcher that she has "a kind of imbecile charm"?) I wonder what he'd say about Reagan's crew if he lived in this country.

It is his asceticism, more than his existential goodness, that comes through these diaries—except in his wonderfully moving phrases about his wife. Once in a while he writes about his own swift alternations of "gross, fleshly desire" with his essential asceticism. "Reflected later that concept of dying in the flesh in order to live in the spirit most profound of all. Ah, how I long and long for this." Unlike Dr. Johnson, he is not afraid of death. Perhaps this is why he has been blessed with a long and spiritually fruitful life. His yearning for humble goodness shines through many pages of these diaries; but it is not their main theme. He is an Incompleat Christian and an Incompleat Reactionary; but, then, a complete Christian and perhaps even a complete reactionary are contradictions in terms. He is not a simple man, surely not as simple as he would like to be. His story, a recurrent one, is the one of Jacob wrestling with the angel, about which we must rely on Jacob's words, it is not a matter for a sportscaster.

JOHN LUKACS

John Lukacs is the author of *The Last European War* and *1945: Year Zero* (Doubleday) and *Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines, 1900-1950* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

TRB, *from page 6*

Cream Man" Kennedy jumped the team last winter.

Their leadoff hitter, Lefty Cranston, has a lifetime batting average of only .212, but he has shown an uncanny knack for getting on base this year, wheedling walks and dragging bunts past the pitcher. But he has trouble fielding hardline drives. Gary "Sailor" Hart, in left, looked promising in the minors, but since he's been up in the majors he's yet to demonstrate that he can handle a curve. Good field, no hit is the scouting report. John "Ike" Glenn, the center fielder who performed so well a few years ago with the Astros, was a holdout and missed most of spring training. He has begun to hit the ball now that warm weather is here, and there is hope that he may take up some of the slack on the ball club, but in the field he still tends to bobble the easy ones. The cleanup hitter, Fizzle Mondale, is mired in a slump. He had a good spring during exhibition season, but since the real schedule started he has failed to play up to his potential. One of his problems is that he tries to hit every pitch. Rube Askew, whose name matches his playing style, was another Citrus League standout whose luck has been spotty during the regular season. He has been tucked away in right field where he can do the least damage. Likewise, Fritz "The Pits" Hollings is coming off a bad year. He batted .178 last season, and there are reports he is taking it out on his teammates. He is in danger of being shipped back down to the Sally League. Dale Bumpers, once seen as a shoo-in for rookie of the year, was the victim of a beanball early in the year. He now bails out at the plate and there are fears that he may have gone gun-shy. The Senators were further decimated when Big Mo Udall, their comic relief pitcher, hung it up before the start of the season. Things have gotten so bad that Manager Tip O'Neill, whose collection of Irish stories and songs has made him a favorite of the press box, has sometimes had to send himself in as a pinch hitter.

It looks like a mismatch. The Packies, with all their imported California plastic power, appear unbeatable. But in baseball you never know. The players are taking the field, the game is about to start, and now the fantasy is turning into a nightmare. Can that be Wayne Newton singing the national anthem?

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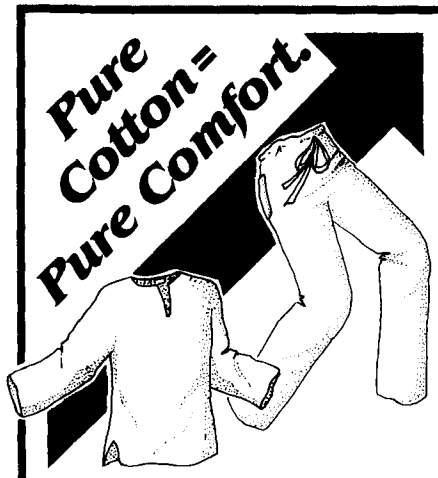

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Invasion

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AN AVENUE LEADS into the Forbidden City, to an outer courtyard of the old Imperial Palace. Well over a hundred buses are jammed in there, as though at the Tower of Babel. Not another body can squeeze into the smaller rooms on show. It is the same at the Temple of Heaven, the Summer Palace, the historical museum, those few places that have survived China's desperate history. Smooth and luxurious trains pull the throng out to the Great Wall. East German carriages, West German engines; air-conditioning, lunch-boxes. Only at the Wall itself are the Chinese to be met up with, in such numbers that it becomes nearly impossible to climb up the short section to which access is allowed, or, once on top, to descend from it. Same again at the Ming Tombs, where the celebrated avenue of stone animals is obliterated from view by parked buses. Through the bus windows, here and there in the cracks of the otherwise impersonal capital, alleys can be glimpsed, markets, compounds roofed with tin sheeting or polythene held down by stones. But to set off to discover this for oneself involves an impossible walk down ten-mile boulevards and across gigantic squares. How is it to be done? And with what objective? Taxis are to be found only outside selected hotels, and their drivers, obviously, do not speak European languages. The fascinating life of the city can be sensed, but it can no more be entered than the flow of bicycles can be stopped.

THE REST of the country, parts of which have just been opened up to visitors, repeats the constriction of Peking, writ large. You fly between cities in Trident jets, you travel in air-conditioned buses and on pleasure boats, making up a special transnational entity, Westerners-in-China. True, there are provincial museums, as in Sian and Chang-sha, which have been opened since the Cultural Revolution to display fine objects from newly excavated sites. But often, to ask to visit a temple or a pagoda is to be told that it no longer exists, that it was pulled down during the Cultural Revolution. Perhaps the Chinese know what they are doing by segregating tourists so tightly, but they are also obliging us principally to experience ourselves. The unfair part is that Westerners-in-China have been placed in the unwelcome position of having to ape nineteenth-century travelers. Free as these were to do as they pleased, they liked to assert all manner of privileges and comforts at the expense of the Chinese. We have to watch how they are using the immemorial shoulder-pole to lift our luggage on stations and wharfs, serving us as though we were entitled to their labor, indeed to a certain superiority. Our dining rooms and waiting rooms are reserved. Our food is plentiful. The earning of hard currency is all very well, but must not the Chinese feel resentment that we enjoy first-class treatment denied to them? Against our will, guiltily, we have to patronize them, exclusively shown a series of arts-and-crafts workshops, factories, communes. In our own countries we would not bother with these things, but here we are praising with false extravagance a cultivated field, a brand-new teacup, a copy of a silk scroll.

OUT IN SZECHWAN or the southern provinces, in cities like Chungking and Chang-sha and Kweilin, peddlers come up to sell straw hats and souvenirs. The bus stops at one particularly scenic spot in the countryside, where children are waiting for our empty Coca-Cola cans, which presumably have salvage value. How thoroughly they must know the routines of Westerners-in-China! Are these signs of indomitable human enterprise, or early flecks of the corruption endemic in tourism?

IN CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S time, Chungking was the Kuomintang capital. Seizing power, the Communists built a massive Party center, or resort, on one of the city's hills, in a pseudo-*chinoiserie* style suitable for California. Today this is the leading hotel in the city. A whole wing, once an auditorium, has been converted to a stage. In spite of the marble floor, *Swan Lake* is performed. The dancing is good, the choreography has been transmitted faithfully via the Soviets from the St. Petersburg of long, long ago. Dogma is dogma. The shooting of swan-heroines by evil reactionaries cannot be permitted, however, and a different ending has been grafted onto the ballet, for Marxism-Leninism to live happily ever after. In the ensuing storm of applause, the Westerners mostly appeared not to notice a little thing like that.

THE NEW "responsibility system," the Chinese explain, opens the door to enterprise. Peasants can now fulfill their quotas to the state and still produce enough surplus to sell on the free market, earning a monthly income up to ten times higher than that of town-dwellers. The score is leveled by the policy that forbids a married couple to have more than one child. This particularly hits peasants who rely on their children for unpaid labor. If the control were to work, which must be unlikely, what would the long-term consequences be, socially and psychologically, if one day every citizen of China was an only child? "We have no other choice," it was explained to me by someone who added that he did not share his government's opinions. Someone else flatly denied being a Communist at all. This, I suppose, is how an entire nation gradually returns to the land of the living. I have been on trips to the Soviet Union, and all I can say is that nobody there has ever taken the liberty of uttering things of that kind to me.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

David Pryce-Jones's most recent book is *Paris in the Third Reich: A History of the German Occupation, 1940-1944* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston).

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HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

Weight	1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05% | **DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%** | **DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP**

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

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